

# THE LADIES' PEARL.

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## LOWELL AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The rapid growth of our city, its extensive manufactories, the enterprising character of its population, and its vast resources for still farther enlargement, have rendered it an object of interest and wonder not only throughout our own country, but in foreign lands. We hope the following sketch will serve in some measure to gratify the laudable curiosity of those who have been interested in the doings of this busy city.\*

Lowell formerly constituted a part of Chelmsford, a town somewhat famous in the early annals of Middlesex county.—The first purchases for manufacturing purposes were made about the year 1820, when there could not have been more than thirty or forty dwelling houses within the present limits of the city. The first regular census was taken, we believe, in 1828, by which it appeared that the population was three thousand, five hundred and thirty-two. The present number of inhabitants cannot be less than twenty-two thousand, and probably is somewhat greater.

In 1826, on the petition of the people, East Chelmsford, as it was then called,

was set off from Chelmsford proper, and incorporated as a town with the name of Lowell. Belvidere, which was originally a part of Tewksbury, was annexed to Lowell in 1833 or 4. This proceeding caused a great deal of acrimonious discussion, but at length was fully determined upon by a decisive majority. In 1836, at which time the population amounted to nearly eighteen thousand, a city charter was obtained from the Legislature, and Elisha Bartlett, M. D., was chosen the first mayor.

The original company, and that which may, in some sense, be regarded as the parent of all the others, is called 'The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack river,' and was formed in 1792.—It owns all the water-power in the city, and disposes of it to the several corporations for an annual rent, which is determined by the quantity of water used.—There are ten of these corporations, whose aggregate capital amounts to ten millions of dollars. All but two of them are engaged in the manufacture of cotton cloth. The Middlesex company manufactures broadcloths and cassimeres, which are not surpassed by any foreign goods of the kind, and the Lowell company produces carpet-

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\* For many of the facts in this article we are indebted to 'A Sketch of Lowell,' prepared for the *Courier* by E. Case, Esq.

ing and rugs of the best quality and finest finish. A considerable portion of the best cotton goods is manufactured into calico, at the Merrimack and Hamilton Print-works.

Besides the extensive corporations enumerated above, there are several smaller establishments. The Powder Mills, belonging to O. M. Whipple, produce a great amount of excellent powder. The Lowell Bleachery and the Whitney Mills, for the manufacture of blankets, contribute their share to the business and activity of the city.

About one million, two hundred and sixty-five thousand, five hundred and sixty yards of cotton cloth, one thousand, eight hundred yards of broadcloth, six thousand yards of cassimere, and two thousand, five hundred yards of carpeting are manufactured weekly. Nearly two hundred and seventy thousand yards of cotton goods are dyed and printed weekly. The time spent by the operatives in the mills is about twelve hours a day, and the average amount of wages received by the females does not probably exceed a dollar and seventy-five cents per week, exclusive of board.

But we did not design to enter into minute details concerning the business of the city. Our object was, rather, to notice the moral, literary and religious character of its citizens, and this we can best do by glancing at its benevolent institutions, its schools, and its churches.

Perhaps nothing has contributed more to promote the industry and frugality of the operatives, than the Institution for Savings. Here the smallest sum of money, which is not wanted for immediate use, may be safely invested and left to accumulate until it is needed for other purposes. It is stated, that of the three hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars deposited in that institution, two hundred and fifty thousand belong to operatives in the mills, the greater part of them being females.

The Lowell Dispensary is an institution which furnishes medical advice and medicine gratuitously, to all who require and are worthy of such assistance. The amount of funds expended is not large, but it is be-

lieved that the Dispensary contributes materially to the health and comfort of those who are in straitened circumstances. The Howard Benevolent Society was formed two or three years ago, and has already accomplished much good. People of all parties and sects contribute to its funds, which are expended by able and efficient officers in relieving the wants of the virtuous poor. Beside these institutions, there are benevolent societies connected with all the churches, whose design is, to assist those belonging to their respective congregations, who are not properly objects of public charity. A considerable portion of their funds is laid out in procuring clothing for the children of the poor, that they may attend church and the Sunday school. Those who have been brought to poverty by their vices and are not considered objects of private benevolence, receive assistance from the authorities of the city. The amount appropriated for the support of paupers in 1841, was five thousand dollars.

But for nothing does Lowell deserve more credit, than for her public schools.—With a wise and prudent foresight, she early directed her attention to these nurseries of virtue and intelligence, and with a liberal hand has she expended her money in providing every convenience for the instruction of the rising generation. In 1827, twelve hundred dollars was appropriated for the support of free schools. From that time, the appropriation was annually increased, until it has reached the very large sum of twenty-two thousand, two hundred dollars, which was the appropriation for 1841.

The schools are divided into three classes. Those of the lowest grade are called Primary schools, and are twenty-four in number, located in different parts of the city so as to accommodate all the inhabitants. Each of these schools is taught by a female, and the number of scholars varies from thirty to sixty. Here the children are instructed in the first rudiments of education, and at the close of each term such as are qualified are transferred to the Gram-

mar schools. The compensation of the teachers is two hundred dollars a year.

The second class consists of the Grammar schools, eight in number. Six of these are kept in large two-story brick buildings, with large and convenient rooms. These schools are designed to give the young a good common education. Pupils are admitted, on examination, from the Primary schools, and remain as long as they choose. When they leave, they either enter the High school, or are apprenticed to some useful trade. One of the Grammar schools is taught by a gentleman alone; the others have a principal, one male and two female assistants. The average weekly attendance upon each school is probably not far from one hundred and sixty.

One of these schools is composed exclusively of Irish children, and is kept by Irish teachers. It is under precisely the same regulations which govern all the other public schools of the city. The Irish people seem to take a deep interest in the education of their children, and it is believed that this school and other causes are effecting a radical change in this part of our population.

The High school consists of two departments—one for boys and the other for girls. Both departments are under the instruction of three male and two female teachers. A good moral character and a common knowledge of arithmetic, grammar, geography, &c., are required for admission to this school. Pupils are instructed in all the common and higher branches of knowledge, and those who desire it are fitted for college. Students who have entered the various colleges of New England from this school, will not suffer by a comparison with those from any other institution of the kind. Those who do not desire to pursue their education farther, are prepared, upon leaving the school, to engage in any of the ordinary avocations of life. The female department is a perfect model for any school of the kind. The internal arrangements display the talent and skill of the teachers. The girls are

taught all those branches which are considered necessary for the finished education of the young lady. Upon the whole, the High school, under its present able and accomplished instructors, is an ornament and an honor to the city. This school is kept in one of the most substantial and convenient houses which can be found in the State or the Union. It is of brick, and was built about a year since, at an expense of more than twenty thousand dollars.

Few cities of the size in the country support more newspapers and other periodicals than Lowell. The following are the papers and magazines published in the city: the 'Lowell Courier,' tri-weekly, and the 'Lowell Journal,' weekly; the 'Lowell Advertiser,' tri-weekly, and the 'Lowell Patriot,' weekly; the 'Sword of Truth,' the 'Star of Bethlehem,' 'Zion's Banner,' the 'Literary Souvenir,' the 'Ladies' Pearl,' the 'Lowell Offering,' and the 'Operatives' Magazine.' Thus it will be seen that the literary character of the city is, by no means, of a low order.

But we hasten to speak of the religious interests of Lowell. There are in the city twenty religious societies, each of which supports a regular clergyman, viz. three Orthodox, two Episcopalian, two Catholic, three Methodist, two Freewill Baptist, two Universalist, two Christian, three Baptist, and one Unitarian.

The first church erected was St. Anne's, (first Episcopal) which was consecrated March 16, 1825. We have lying before us the 'Chelmsford Courier' of the 18th of the same month, which gives the following account of the exercises: 'On the 16th inst., the new stone church erected by the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, for the accommodation of the people in their settlement, was consecrated to the service of Almighty God, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold. At the same time, Rev. Theodore Edson was invested with the order of Priest. The exercises were impressive, the sermon by the Bishop, excellent, and the music, performed by the Beethoven Sacred Musical Society, connected with the congregation, was selected with taste



and executed with judgment.' Since the time here alluded to, church after church has been collected, and house after house erected; and now Lowell enjoys an amount of religious instruction fully adequate to all her wants. It is believed that the number of persons who attend public worship here on the Sabbath, is greater, in proportion to the population, than in the other cities and towns in New England; though, at the same time, it must be confessed that no city or town has much to boast of in this respect. Our streets on the Sabbath are remarkably orderly and quiet, and on Sunday evening there is none of that noise and tumult which we have sometimes witnessed in other places.

Our clergy are talented and faithful men, and are ready for every good word and work. They all labor with zeal and ability to sustain the high moral character which the city at present bears. Let us state a single fact to show the union of spirit and effort for which they are distinguished. Last year, they were invited to deliver lectures on temperance on successive Sabbath evenings, in the City Hall. *Every clergyman* in the city consented to perform his part of the duty, and the immense audiences which they addressed, are the best proof of the ability with which the work was done.

With all the churches are connected Sabbath schools, most of which are large and flourishing. The greater part of them are furnished with well selected and useful libraries. The superintendents and teachers appear to be animated with an earnest desire to prepare their pupils faithfully to discharge the duties of life, and at length to enjoy the happiness of heaven.

Our sketch is brief and imperfect, but we hope it will tend to show that this 'city of spindles' is not without its attractions, both in a commercial and religious point of view. We have purposely omitted the mention of many things, because we hope to make them matters of distinct consideration in subsequent numbers of the 'Pearl.'

A. H. B.

Original.

## TEMPTATION OVERCOME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The first sunbeams of a December morning were faintly gleaming through the single frosty window of a small, mean apartment of one of the most comfortless dwellings in one of our Atlantic cities. Although at so early an hour, a female, apparently about thirty, on whose pale, expressive countenance the marks of privation and disease were strongly traced, sat bolstered up in bed, slowly and painfully plying her needle. A girl about ten years old, with features sharpened by want, sat hovering over the flickering flame on the hearth, which she kept alive by occasionally feeding it with a few chips she had obtained from a carpenter's shop. When not thus engaged, she employed herself upon some of the plainer parts of the garment on which her mother was at work. Several hours had passed in this manner, when the invalid dropped the sewing from her hands, and sunk back on the bed utterly exhausted. The child started from her seat in alarm.

'Clara,' said her mother, 'are there not a few spoonfuls of the gruel left, which you gave me this morning?'

'Not a drop; nor is there anything to make any more, and I ate the last mouthful of bread last night. I wish I had saved it—I could have done without it.'

'Give me a little water then,' said her mother.

Unable to suppress her sobs, she handed her a cup of water. Her hand trembled with feebleness and agitation as she gave it to her.

'We can never,' said she, after drinking a little of the water, 'finish this garment unless we can have some food. Open that small trunk, Clara, and you will find a hair bracelet wrapped in a paper. Your father gave it to me before he sailed for the East Indies, whence he was destined never to return. I hoped to preserve this



one memento, but better part with it than perish with hunger. Take it to Mr. Lethering, the goldsmith. The clasp is of gold, and he will allow you a trifle.'

The child put on her little cloak, which she had had so long a time that it was much worn, as well as quite too short, and proceeded to the goldsmith's with the bracelet. Cheered by the prospect of obtaining food, she felt not the keen, wintry air. Mr. Lethering took the bracelet and examined it.

'Who sent you with this?' he enquired.

'My mother, Mrs. Wallace.'

'She had better keep it, for I can give very little for it, as nothing but the clasp can be of any value except to the owner.'

'She says she must part with it.'

'Well, I may as well take it as anybody, then. I will remove the clasp and let you take back the braid, as your mother may possibly like to retain it.'

'I know she will,' replied Clara, 'because my father gave it to her.'

He threw the clasp into the scales, after detaching the braid.

'It weighs less than I expected,' said he. 'Two-and-sixpence is all that I can give.'

He counted the money and placed it on the counter. The gleam of the silverco in was like a sunbeam to her heart. Eagerly gathering it up, while in spite of herself the tears flowed at the idea of being able to procure something comfortable for her mother and a little bread to appease her own hunger, she left the shop. With a loaf of bread, a few vegetables, and a slice of steak, she hastened home. The meal was prepared, and could those who sit at the luxurious board glittering with plate and loaded with choice and costly viands, have beheld the mother and child, and perceived the humble gratitude that pervaded the heart of the one and the almost rapturous delight that glowed in the innocent bosom of the other, it might, perhaps, have checked their repinings at their own imaginary wants. Revived and strengthened by the food, they were enabled to finish the garment they had in hand by sunset, for which they were to receive

three shillings. Clara took it to the shop of their employer. He had left town, and the boy in attendance informed her that he would not return before several days, and that he had ordered him not to pay any bills during his absence. Early on the morning of the third day, she called to see if he had returned. He had not. She dreaded to return home, for they were again reduced to the same destitution as when she offered the bracelet to the goldsmith. As with heavy steps and heavier heart, she proceeded through the desolate streets, for it was too early for the inhabitants to be astir, she beheld a red morocco pocket-book, fastened with a clasp, lying on the pavement. As she quickly took it up, golden dreams flitted through her imagination, for a new morocco pocket-book like that, she doubted not, must contain a great deal of money. Looking round, and seeing no person in sight, she sat down on a door-step to examine the contents.—There was a pile of bank-notes, which she did not stop to count, a twenty-five cent piece, and three ten cent pieces.

'This,' she murmured to herself, taking the larger piece of silver in her hand, and reclasping the pocket-book, 'will be enough to purchase some food and a basket of fuel,' and she hastened forward to a baker's shop, which was at no great distance. Her hand was upon the latch, when the jingle of the city crier's bell caught her ear. After ringing it thrice, he repeated in a distinct, sonorous voice, as follows:

'Lost, about nine o'clock last evening, a new red morocco pocket-book, with a silver clasp, containing two hundred and five dollars in bank-notes, and about three shillings in silver. Whoever finding it, will leave it at the dry-goods store of Mr. Anderson, Derby street, will be handsomely rewarded.'

Till she listened to the words of the crier, Clara had not reflected that she had no right to what she had found. As she looked at the piece of silver in her hand, a blush burnt on her wan cheek, and she hastily returned it. Her first impulse was, to proceed directly to the shop of Mr. An-

derson, but reflecting that her mother might be alarmed at her long absence, she concluded to first return home.

'How came you by that?' enquired her mother, as she took the pocket-book from under her cloak.

'I found it.'

'Found it?' repeated Mrs. Wallace, her pale and languid countenance lighting up with a gleam of joy. 'Let me see it.'

As Clara handed it to her, 'Please count the money,' said she, 'and see if there are not two hundred and five dollars.'

'Exactly,' said her mother, after having complied with her request. 'With this sum I should be able to set up a milliner and mantuamaker's shop, which I have long been wishing to do.'

'And then we could have plenty to eat, and fire to keep us warm, and I could have a bonnet to wear to meeting and a gown and shoes to wear to school.'

'True, my child, but the money is not ours—we have no right to it.'

The tears came into Clara's eyes.

'If we could only have one of these ten cent pieces to buy a loaf of bread,' said she, 'how glad I should be.'

There was a struggle in the mother's heart, as she looked on her suffering child, but turning resolutely away, she restored the money to the pocket-book.

'We must try to find the owner,' said she.

Clara now informed her that it had been cried, and that she ran home to inform her that she was going to carry it to Mr. Anderson's. 'But,' added she, 'when I opened the door and saw how sick and sorrowful you looked, and knew that there was nothing to give you to take, nor a bit of wood to kindle a fire, it seemed to me that it would be right to keep it—that is, if you thought so too.'

'No, we must not keep it—and it is best to return it immediately. Perhaps the gentleman who lost it, will reward you for finding it.'

'O, now I remember,' said Clara, her countenance brightening, 'that the crier said that the person who returned it would be handsomely rewarded.'

Cheered by this anticipation, she wrapped the pocket-book in a clean handkerchief, and hastened to Mr. Anderson's.—A clerk stood behind the counter, and an elderly man, decently clad; with coarse inflexible features, sat near the stove.—Before she had time to make known her errand, a young man in the dress of a sailor, with a handsome but sun-burnt countenance, shaded with a profusion of short, jet black curls, entered the shop. Clara now addressed the clerk, and informed him that she had found a pocket-book answering to the description given by the city crier, of one that had been lost.

At these words the elderly gentleman started up, and advanced towards her with eyes sparkling with pleasure.

'Let me see it,' said he.

She unwrapped the pocket-book and presented it to him.

'Yes, this is the very one I lost. Now let me see if the contents are safe.' After carefully examining them, 'Not a cent is missing,' said he. 'You are an honest girl, and deserve to be rewarded.'

As he spoke, he emptied the four pieces of silver into his hand. His first impulse was evidently to give her the whole. After looking at it a moment, he withdrew one of the ten cent pieces. He hesitated a little longer and withdrew the second, then the third. He then, with a certain air of desperation, as if he feared that his resolution would give way, handed her the remaining twenty-five cent piece.

'Take that,' said he, 'and buy a new ribbon with it for your Sunday bonnet.'

She courtesied as she received it, and was going to leave the shop.

'Stop, my little girl,' said the sailor; 'as you seem to be rather lucky at finding things, if you will find the Madras handkerchief I lost yesterday, I will give you twice as much as the gentleman has for finding his pocket-book, and upon second thoughts I will give it to you without, for there is something in that little pale face of yours that takes my eye and my heart too. Here, hold your hand,' added he, un-

tying a silken purse variegated with all the colors of the rainbow.

She obeyed, and he continued to let the silver pieces slide from it into her hand till it would hold no more.

'Now,' said he, 'it is natural for me when I see a pretty little craft, if the rigging be ever so shabby, to want to know the name.'

'Sir?' said she, imperfectly comprehending his meaning.

'He would like to know your name,' said the clerk.

'My name is Clara Wallace, sir.'

'I like the name of Clara, for I had a sister by that name before I went to sea, and hope that I have still. Did you ever hear your mother say what her name was before she was married?'

'Wardwell.'

'Then I am her own brother, and you are my niece. I thought strange that I should take to you so, but it was nature that was to work in my heart. I have not been in these parts before for fifteen years, yet it seems as but yesterday that my sister Clara and I used to be messmates at the old homestead. I wonder if her eyes are as bright, and her cheeks are as rosy as they used to be.'

'No, sir—she is sick and very pale now, and though she works hard, and I help her all I can, we do not always earn enough to eat.'

'Sick, pale, and not enough to eat?—For shame, Jemmy Wardwell,' added he, lowering his voice, and brushing away a tear; 'a tar that has sailed the seas for fifteen years should never have salt water on his cheeks, except when the sea-spray dashes over them in a gale of wind.—Come, child, seeing that I am your uncle, I will take you by the hand and go home with you.'

They had proceeded only a short distance, when perceiving some market-carts, 'We will,' said he, 'lay to here, and take in some provision, for by what you tell me, we shall have to be put on short allowance if we don't.'

'I will, if you please,' she replied, 'go into this shop and buy a loaf of bread.'

'And mind you get some of those nice cakes too, I see setting upon the counter.'

By the time she had purchased the loaf and cakes, he had furnished himself with a pair of fowls and a fine sirloin.

'How glad mother will be,' said Clara, 'for she has not had a mouthful of anything to eat since yesterday noon.'

'Why, this is a mere hulk that you live in,' said he, as she opened the door of the old, decayed building, 'not fit to ride out a single smart gale.'

His sister regarded him with a look of enquiry. Depositing his load of provision on the table, he grasped her warmly by the hand.

'Why, don't you know your brother Jemmy,' said he—'I have returned at last with as warm a heart as ever, and a purse a little fuller than when I left you, and it is well that I have, for by all appearances your voyage has been a pretty rough one, since I saw you last. My first look out now will be, to get you and my little niece here snug berths in a good warm cabin.—Now for shame, sister—you are too old to cry now,' at the same time drawing the back of his hand across his eyes—'it did well enough when you were a girl of fifteen, and I a boy of a dozen at the time I was going to sea, but now that we have both weathered so many tough storms, it is a shame to let the tears start at a glim of sunshine.'

The warm-hearted sailor was as good as his word. He immediately hired a convenient house, which he caused to be decently furnished. Clara was provided with suitable clothing and books, and sent to a good school. His sister's health soon became re-established, when according to her desire, the front apartment of their dwelling was fitted up as a milliner and mantuamaker's shop, which enabled her without over-exertion, in connexion with a few fancy goods which she kept for the accommodation of customers, to earn a competency independent of her brother, whom she persuaded to fund his five hun-



dred dollars, which still remained unexpended.

The enjoyment of Mrs. Wallace remained uninterrupted till one day late in the Spring, her brother entered and informed her that he had shipped on board a vessel bound to Europe.

'I like your company and Clara's,' said he, 'but there are times when the thoughts of the blue, foam-crested waves makes my heart flutter like a caged bird. I tell you, sister, there is nothing like cleaving thro' the waters with a brisk wind and all sails set, to make the blood dance in one's veins. But after all, I love better being on deck a calm Summer's night, with the wide waters round, and the clear heavens above, glittering with thousands of stars. I have never in my life felt so calm and peaceful like, as when I have stood watch on such a night. I used to think of you, and of others that we neither of us shall see any more, and should I live to take my watch again, I shall think of you oftener than ever, and of my little blue-eyed niece too.'

Clara wept, when on returning from school she found her uncle was going to leave them, and used all her eloquence to persuade him to remain. He consoled her with the assurance that the voyage would be a short one, and that should he live to return, he would remain with them many weeks.

'I don't know,' said Clara, 'when after the expiration of several months, she returned from school, and found her uncle sitting with her mother, 'that I shall ever again object to your going to sea, for I believe the pleasure of your return fully compensates for the pain occasioned by your absence.'

'And I, for my own part,' he replied, 'should never have had a true taste of the pleasure of being snugly moored in this comfortable little parlor with your mother, who looks ten years younger than when I came home before and found her in that weather-beaten hulk, and with you, whose cheeks make me think of the red roses that used to grow at the old homestead, if I

had not been exposed to the dangers of the sea.'

'And do you know, uncle, that all the comforts we now enjoy owe their origin to my finding that pocket-book, or rather of returning it to the owner? When I carried it home, and saw how sick and pale mother looked, and how cold and comfortless every thing was around her, I felt an inclination to keep it and appropriate the money to our own use, but although her sufferings were so much greater than mine, she encouraged me to return it, which proved the means of my meeting with you.'

'And a right happy meeting it has proved, yet at the time, though my heart is both bold and stout, it was hard work for me to keep my eyes dry, especially when I found that you had been kept so long upon short allowance.'

'Our former sufferings,' said his sister, 'will, I trust, cause us to more highly prize our present blessings.'

'I can say amen to that, and so too will my little niece.'

## TO A BRIDE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Imitated from the Italian, by P. Salandri.

The more divinely beautiful thou art,  
Lady! of Love's inconstancy beware;  
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care  
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:  
At every whisper of temptation, start;  
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air  
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,  
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,  
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,  
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,  
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,  
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,  
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

*From Graham's Magazine.*

## COTTAGE PIETY.

'Early had they learned  
To reverence the volume that displays  
The mystery, the life which cannot die.'

There is no piety like that in our cottages. Go through the land from one end to the other,—enter if you will at every door you pass,—seek out the dying in lordly hall, and lowly dwelling—and you will find that the humble tenants of the humblest roof, are often the most acceptable in the eyes of their Maker, and that in the words of Holy Writ, 'not many wise, not many noble are called,' but 'God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.' And there is a philosophy in this. The rich have wherewithal to enjoy themselves in this life, and what care they for one to come? but the poor find no peace from toil on earth, and gladly hail the message which bids them to a better and brighter world, where 'the weary are at rest.' Then, too, the Sabbath of the cottager!—They who live in cities, or dwell in stately palaces in the country, have no idea of the soothing calm of this day to the poor man. All through the weary week, in summer or in winter, amid cold, and rain, and heat, he is compelled to toil for the scanty pittance which barely keeps his wife and little ones alive, and when the Sabbath morning comes, and he sees all so tidy about him, while the sun smiles pleasantly through the casement, and there is an eloquent stillness on all without, a feeling of freedom and of untold peace, comes stealing over his soul, such as those who have never shared his toils cannot imagine. If he has a heart it is melted into gratitude. If he is a godly man—and do not these very things purify his heart insensibly?—he will call his little ones around him, and, together they will lift up their thanksgivings for the blessings of another week.—Oh! how often—in some old country house, far, far away from the crimes and cares of the town—have we listened to the morning hymn, sweetly rising on the air, and seeming to go up to heaven all the

sweeter for the songs of birds and the murmurs of the stream, with which it mingled. Yes! we love

'The sound of hymns

On some bright Sabbath morning, on the moor  
Where all is still save praise; and where hard by  
The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun;  
The fresh green grass, the sun, and sunny brook,  
All look as if they knew the day, the hour,  
And felt with man the need of joy and thanks.'

## THE FOOL'S PENCE.

Why, Mrs. Crowder, I should hardly know you again! Really I must say you have things in the first style. What an elegant paper! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens! all so bright and so fresh! and yourself so well, and looking so well!

The speaker was a little sharp-featured man, who sat restlessly, with his hat in his hand, talking to the landlady of the Punch-bowl. She herself had dropped languidly into an arm-chair, and sat sighing and smiling with affectation, not turning a deaf ear to her visitor, but taking in, with her eyes, a full view of what passed in the shop, having drawn aside the curtains of rose-colored silk, which sometimes covered the window in the wall between the shop and the parlor.

'Why, you see, Mr. Berriman,' she replied, 'our business is a thriving one, and we never neglect it, for one must work hard for an honest livelihood; and then, you see, my two girls, Letitia and Jemima, were about to leave their boarding-school; so Mr. Crowder and I wished to make the old place as genteel and fashionable as we could; and what with new stone copings to the windows, and new French window-frames to the first floor, and a little paint, and a little papering, Mr. Berriman, we begin to look tolerable. I must say, Mr. Crowder too has laid out a deal of money in the shop, and in filling his cellars.'

'Well, ma'am,' continued Mr. Berriman, 'I don't know where you find the needful for all these improvements. For my part,

I can only say, our trade seems quite at a stand-still. There's my wife always begging for money to pay for this or that little necessary article, but I part from every penny with a pang. Dear Mrs Crowder, how do you manage ?'

Mrs Crowder simpered; and raising her eyes, and looking with a glance of smiling contempt towards the crowd of customers in the shop; 'The fool's pence, 'tis the fool's pence, that does it for us,' she said.

Perhaps it was owing to the door being just then opened, and left ajar by Miss Jemima, who had been serving in the bar, that the words of Mrs Crowder were heard by a man who stood at the upper end of the counter. He turned his eyes upon the customers who were standing near him, and saw pale sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He turned them upon the stately apartment in which they were assembled: he saw that it had been fitted up at no trifling cost; he stared through the partly open doorway into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Jemima in a silk gown sitting down to her piano-forte; and he thought within himself, How strange it is! by what a curious process it is, that all this wretchedness on my left hand is made to turn into all this rich finery on my right.

'Well, sir! and what's for you?'

The words were spoken in the same shrill voice, which had made 'the fool's pence' sing in his ears.

George Manly was still deep in thought, and with the end of his rule (for he was a carpenter,) he had been making a calculation, drawing the figures in the little puddles of gin, upon the counter. He looked up, and saw Mrs Crowder herself, as gay as her daughters, with a cap and colored ribbands flying off her head, and a pair of gold earrings, almost touching her plump shoulders. 'A pint of ale, ma'am, is what I'm waiting for to-night,' (no more spirits, he thought within himself, will I touch;) and then, as he put down the money for the ale, he looked her calmly in the face,

and said, 'There are the fool's pence, and the last fool's pence I intend to pay down for many a long day.'

George Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were sitting at work. They looked thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire so small, that its warmth was scarcely felt; yet the commonest observer must have been struck by the neatness and cleanliness of the apartment, and every thing in it.

'This is indeed a treat, girls! to have dear father home so soon to-night,' said Susan Manly, and she looked up at her husband, as he stood before the table, turning his eyes first upon one and then another of the little party: then throwing himself into his large arm-chair, and lying back, and smiling, he said:—

'Well, Bessy and Sally, ar'nt you glad to see me? May not those busy little fingers stop a moment, just while you jump up, and throw your arms about father's neck, and kiss him?'

'O yes, we have time for that,' said one of the girls, as they both sprung up to kiss their father; 'but we have no time to lose, dear father,' said Sally, pressing her cheek to his, and speaking in a kind of coaxing whisper close to his ear, 'for these shirts are the last of the dozen we have been making for Mr Farley, in the corn-market.' 'And as no work can be done to-morrow,' added Bessy gravely, who stood with her small hand in her father's, 'we are all working as hard as we can, for mother has promised to take them home on Monday afternoon.'

'Either your eyes are very weak to-night, dear wife,' said George, 'or you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too hard by candle-light.'

Susan smiled, and said, that working did not hurt her eyes; and as she spoke, she turned her head, and beckoned with her finger to her little boy.

'Why, John, what's this that I see?' said his father—'What, you in the corner! Come out, as mother beckons for you; but



come and tell me what you have been doing.'

'Nay, never mind it, dear husband, John will be very good, I hope, and we will say no more about what is past.'

'Yes, but I must know, said he, drawing John close to him, 'Come, I shall forgive you; but tell me what has been the matter.'

John was a very plain spoken boy, and had a very straightforward way of speaking the truth. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face and said, 'The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without mother paid for them, and though he was cross and rough to mother, he said, it was not her fault, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money: and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying, till I saw her tears fall, drop, drop, on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother sent me to stand in the corner.'

'And now, John, you may bring me some coals,' said Susan, 'there's a fine lump in the coal-box.'

'But first tell me what your bad words were, John,' said his father; 'not swearing, I hope.'

'No,' said John—coloring, but speaking as bluntly as before—'I said that you were a bad man! I said, Bad Father.'

'And they were bad words, I am sure,' said Susan very calmly, 'but you are forgiven, and so you may get me the coals.'

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes, now turned to him, he felt the tears rise into his own. He rose up; and, as he put the money into his wife's hands, he said, 'There are my week's wages, dear mother. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Well, now you have every farthing, except a few pence, and they were fool's pence, that I paid for a glass of ale to-night. Keep the whole, and lay it out to the best advantage as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part,

and happier days on yours;—and now put on your bonnet, and I'll walk with you to pay the baker, and buy a bushel or two of coals, or anything else you may be in want of; and when we come back, I will read a chapter of the bible to you and the girls, while you get on with your needlework.'

Susan went up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl, and she remained a little longer to kneel down on the spot where she had often knelt almost heart-broken in prayer,—prayer that her heavenly Father would in His own good time turn her husband's heart first to his Saviour, and then to his wife and children; and that, in the meantime, he would give her patience to wait, and faith to believe, and hope to look forward to the time which she now felt had arrived. She knelt down this time to pour out her heart in thanksgiving and praise. The pleasant tones of her husband's voice called her from her knees.

George Manly told his wife that evening, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hardworking, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, and drinking, night after night, more like a beast than a man, destroying his own manly strength, and the fine health God had given him, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He made his determination from that hour; and as, according to his wife's advice, he made it not in the confidence of his own strength, but in humble and watchful dependence upon Him from whom 'all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed,' the resolution that he made, he kept.

It was more than a year after Mrs Crowder, of the Punchbowl, had first missed a regular customer from her house, and had forgotten to express her wonder as to what could have become of the good-looking carpenter that generally spent his earnings there, and drank and spent his money so

freely ; it was a fine summer evening, and Mrs Crowder was walking out at some distance from home, in the neighborhood of Manly's house, where, though not far from the Punchbowl, there was enough of country to allow of small gardens in front of the cottages. In one of these Manly dwelt. He was employing himself with some of his children, in trimming and arranging the plants in the garden, and all seemed healthy, happy, and delighted.

Mrs Crowder soon recognized her long-lost customer, and after congratulating him on his appearance, and that of his family, and his house, expressed her surprise and regret that she had not seen him for so long a time at the shop he used so regularly to frequent.

'Madam,' said he, 'I'm sure I wish well to you and all people ; and have good reason to do so, seeing that I and mine are doing so well, with the blessing of God. Indeed, I have reason to thank you, for some words of yours, that were the first means of opening my eyes to my own foolish and sinful course. You seem to thrive, so do we. My wife and children were half naked, and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now ; for so far as sweet contented looks go, and decent raiment, befitting their station, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, Madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year, that 'tis a Fool's Pence which have done all this for us. The Fool's Pence ! I ought rather to say, the pence earned by honest industry, and spent in such a manner, that I can both ask and expect the blessing of God upon the Pence.'

Reader, could Mrs Crowder do so ?

Zeno once said to a prattling youth, 'You have two ears and one mouth given you, and for this reason—that you may hear much and speak little.'

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

—  
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.  
—

O grey-walled London Tower !  
Symbol of thrall and power—  
Moated, and bastioned, and curfew-belled—  
Had not fair Thames's flowings,  
And silver-winding goings,  
By thee been long enough dark-sentinelled ?  
Long, long enough  
O'er the great Saxon city and its crowd,  
Its merchant princes and its women proud,  
Had not thy feudal frown  
Flung its black shadow down ?

O blood-dyed Tower !  
Why rose no vengeful hour  
Wielding the People's axe or red-winged lightning,  
To rend in twain thy seats,  
Bastiles, and tow'rs, and tyrannous retreats ?  
Why rose not God's oppressed—  
God's people starving on the plains and stones—  
And all thy turrets with their fire-brands bright-  
ening  
Struck for her father's groans ?

Told by no feudal drum,  
That hour delayed is come,  
Iron-crowned William, England's Norman King !  
How to-and-fro doth reel,  
The belfry-beli with its appalling peal !  
How doth the fire-sheet spring,  
Its red Gomorrah-flames around thee flinging ;—  
How doth the dread incendiarism spread,  
Hearing in flames the crimson-slaughtered  
dead ;—  
While the deep donjons to the topmost  
walls—  
The Kings in their bright halls—  
The charnels and their ghostly spectre-brood—  
Burn in that fiery shroud.

O London Tower !  
Sad sailing down old Thames's dusky stream,  
While sleepward Evening's heavy eyelids ach'd,  
O'er one who voyaged in a pensive dream,  
Thy scenes and deeds to dim remembrance  
waked ;  
Thy fearful dramas—thy forlorn alarms—  
Thy altars worn away by prayer and tear—  
Men's agonies and sweats, and strifes of arms,  
Crowded his eye and ear.

Dark-storied Tower !  
At night' high noontide hour

Grim jailors came and dressed a funeral block,  
Where in a hall obscure  
A child and woman, beautiful and pure,  
Knelt down imploring God,  
Fair as two angels praying.—Forward stepped,  
Armed with an axe, a headsman dark and dread,  
Bound he the eyes of that sweet child who  
wept,  
Then cleft the bright-haired head.

Stained Tower! another night  
Locked in embraces bright  
On a white velvet bed serenely sleeping,  
With eyelids like closed lilies stayed from  
weeping,  
An infant King, with his young beauteous  
brother,  
Dreamed of their happiness, and home,  
and mother.  
A lamp above them shone ;  
Two shadowy forms in funeral folds of gloom  
Sprang towards the couch, and with the  
murderer's arm  
Sealed those young darlings' doom.

Tower, from thy fire-strewn wreck  
Infamous Gloucester, the Third Richard  
King,  
Seized blood-red from his nephew's hands his  
sway—

There, most seraphic lady, sweet Jane Grey  
Laid on the block her virginal white neck.  
But the fierce storm-fire, void of reverence,  
Sweeping thine arches like a fiery main,  
Spares not the very hall that once held France—  
Held kingly Jean.

Proud Tower! the smoke immense,  
Like sable draperies roll o'er thy rifts;  
Thy front, uncrowned of its magnificence,  
Shows to the sun but nakedness and clefts :—  
Palace of ancient kings and golden reigns,  
What of thy pomp or royalty remains ?

Old Tower! now wrecked in dust,  
To utter ruin thrust,  
Thy cannons, and thy mortars thunder-voiced :  
Splendid as sun-rays, thy ten thousand arms ;  
Thy fasces, fusils, stores of war untold,  
Thy steeds caparisoned in steel and gold,  
Thy iron-vestured chiefs with sword and shield,  
Thy black-plumed Prince and war-gods of the  
field ;  
But deaf oblivion in one common hole  
Ignobly toms the whole.

Titanic Tower! 'tis thus,  
—Citadel ruling other Citadels!—  
Thine own annihilation truly knells  
The fall of thousand forts less glorious :—  
For, ever-flocking round thy sovereign feet—  
Bowed hosts of towers, o'ershadowed by thy  
wings!—  
In the terrific flame  
That shook thy giant frame  
The people saw thy hoary-streaming head  
Roll to the spot, where 'neath the keen-edged  
axe  
Thy captives' rolled and bled.

### MATCH-MAKING.

If there be something which elevates  
and exalts us in our esteem, tinging our  
hearts with heroism, and our souls with  
pride, in the love and attachment of some  
fair and beautiful girl, there is something  
equally humiliating in being the object of  
cold and speculative calculation to a match-  
making family. Your character studied—  
your pursuits watched—your tastes conned  
over—your very temperament inquired  
into—surrounded by snares—enviored by  
practised attentions—one eye fixed upon  
the registered testament of your relative,  
the other rivetted upon your own caprices,  
and then those thousand little cares and  
kindnesses which come so pleasurably  
upon the heart when the offspring of true  
affection, perverted as they are by base  
views and sordid interest, are so many  
shocks to the feelings and understanding ;  
like the Eastern sirocco, which seems to  
breathe of freshness and of health, and yet  
bears but pestilence and death upon its  
breezes ; so these calculated and well-  
considered traits of affection only render  
callous and harden the heart which had  
responded warmly, openly, and abundant-  
ly, to the true outpourings of affection.

At how many a previously happy hearth  
has the seed of this fatal passion planted  
its discord! how many a fair and lovely  
girl, with beauty and attractions sufficient  
to win all that her heart could wish of



fondness and devotion, has, by this pernicious passion, become a cold, heartless and worldly coquette, weighing men's characters by the adventitious circumstances of their birth and fortune, and scrutinizing the eligibility of a match with a practised acumen with which a notary investigates the solvency of a creditor! How do the traits of beauty, gesture, voice, and manner, become converted into the commonplace and distasteful trickery of the world! The very hospitality of the house becomes suspected, their friendship is but fictitious; those rare and goodly gifts of fondness and sisterly affection, which grow up in happier circumstances, are here but rivalry, envy, and ill-conceived hatred; the very accomplishments which cultivate and adorn life, that light but grateful frieze which girds the temple of holy happiness, are here but the meditated and well-considered occasions of display; all the bright features of womanhood, all the freshness of youth, and all its fascinations, are but like those richly colored and beautiful fruits, seductive to the eye and fair to look upon, but which within contain nothing but a core of rottenness and decay.—*Chas. O'Malley.*

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## THE ARTIST SURPRISED.

—  
A REAL INCIDENT.

—  
BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

—  
It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albrecht Durez, that the famous engraver was cursed with a better half so zantipical in temper, that she was the torment, not only of his life, but those of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves, by conciliating the common tyrant—but wo to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation.—Even the wiser ones were spared, by having their offences visited upon a scapegoat.

This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durez had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs, and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany.—He was about forty years of age, little, ugly and hump-backed. What wonder that he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and that he was picked out as a special object of dislike by Madame Durez? But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously. Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont, oftenest, to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True—he had not the qualities of social humor or wit; but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at day-break, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being, of the paintings he produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp.

But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There were none sufficiently interested in the poor artist to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame. None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore, with the same meekness, the gibes of his fellow pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durez; and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused—a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning, Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence

created much remark—and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this—another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary; or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains. Meanwhile, the object of their fun was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In days of health, poor Duhobret had had his dreams, as all artists, poor or rich, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope, was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means to purchase one comfortable meal per day. Now—alas! however, even that hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him; without the words of comfort that might smooth his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by devilish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting him with his inability to summon a priest to exorcise them.

At length, the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber. He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to whom could

he apply for aid in procuring sustenance? An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other end of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain, for it, sufficient to furnish him with the necessities of life a week longer.

Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burthen. On his way, he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh—asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered the wearied Duhobret, that here would be market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important little man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gestures and language.

'What do you call your picture?' at length said he, carefully looking at it.

'It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg—with its village—and the surrounding landscape,' replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth!

'Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring,' answered Duhobret.

'Hem! it is too odd to please, I should think—I can promise you no more than three thalers.'

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece, the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered, would give him bread, for a few days. He nodded his head

to the auctioneer, and retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited.

'Who bids? at three thalers? Who bids?' was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. 'Will it find a purchaser?' said he, despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at public sale. 'What will become of me?' was his mental inquiry. 'That work is certainly my best;' and he ventured to steal another glance. 'Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs, and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! what life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!' That was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity.—The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

'Twenty-one thalers!' murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupified painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture-dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

'Fifty thalers!' cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker.

There was a silence of hushed expectation. 'One hundred thalers,' at length thundered the picture-dealer.

'Two hundred.'

'Three hundred.'

'Four hundred.'

'One thousand.'

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other, with eager and angry looks.

'Two thousand thalers!' cried the pic-

ture dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly when he saw his adversary hesitate.

'Ten thousand!' vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clenched convulsively.

The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out—

'Twenty thousand!'

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace at stake. 'Fifty thousand!' exclaimed he, in desperation.

It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, 'One hundred thousand, and the devil take the dog of a salesman!'

The crest fallen picture dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobert, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, 'After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!'

When the contest ceased, he rose up, bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, humpbacked wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks.

'May it please your honor,' said the supposed beggar—'I am the painter of that picture!' and he again rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped: took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.



'Take it, friend,' said he; 'it is the check for your money. Adieu.'

Duhobert finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of the castle; sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. Alas, for the vanity of human expectations! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback; and afterwards passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

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Original.

### HOME SICKNESS.

'How horridly dull it is here! so cheerless: so gloomy I cannot bear it! How unlike my dear old home; the pleasant fireside of my youth, and the bright scenes of my childhood. And how different is the cold politeness of strangers, from the warm, heartfelt kindness of my dear mother and my venerated father! How sweet were our evening gatherings in winter, around the large fire-place with its blazing logs; and in summer time, how delightful the twilight hours as we sauntered down the green lane, with soft gales fanning our cheeks, and the warm waters of affection eddying through our bounding hearts! Oh, it is too bad that I should stay moping here: I will go home!'

Such was the soliloquy of a young lady, who had been some twelve months or more from her parents' roof: and who was filling a lucrative and honorable situation. Yielding to the feelings of her swelling heart, as exhibited in this soliloquy, she renounced her situation, and at great pecuniary loss, returned home, simply because she was home-sick!

To us it seems, at first sight, foolish for a young lady to sacrifice her real interests

to mere feeling; and the stern philosopher might say to her, it is your duty, madam, to conquer such feelings. But who is able to bring such feelings into abeyance to a cool philosophical rule? Vain attempt! There is no sickness like home-sickness. It silences the judgment and controls the will. It hurries the mind to hasty conclusions, and blinds it to every interest and feeling but the one absorbing idea of 'Home, sweet home.'

However, we may pity a patient laboring under this disease: who can condemn her? Does not every heart harmonize with her sentiments? Whose heart does not love

'The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep?'

Who, at leaving home, is not ready to respond to the agony of the Canadian Indians, when asked to emigrate: 'What!' they cried, 'shall we say to the bones of our fathers, 'Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?''

The love of home is an affection honorable to our natures, and I love to see it, despite of the folly it sometimes hurries its possessors into; and I love the memory of Pope, because he once said, 'I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.'

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### CONTENTION AND STRATAGEM:

OR, THE TWO WIVES.

Few things are more common in domestic life, than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastery; and thus humaan beings, who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord, in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate, is unworthy of her; and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband should ever be the

head of his own household; but when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, he does well to avail himself of them, by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a poor, selfish motive, that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet, this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr Tibbets was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs Tibbets was constantly boasting that no man should rule her; that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time.

Poor Mr Tibbets submitted to this thralldom very patiently, rather than contend any point with his masculine partner; for when she broke out into a passion it terrified him half out of his senses, his face turned pale, and he trembled, like one under a fit of the ague. Mr Tibbets, therefore, considering his case a hopeless one, to secure his own peace, consented to be ruled by his wife, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr Starkey lived near Mr Tibbets, and was as effectually ruled by his wife as his neighbor was, though in a very different manner. Mrs Tibbets ruled by the loudness of her tongue and the violence of her passions, but Mrs Starkey obtained her end by stratagem.

Mr Starkey was very fond of laughing at the weakness of his neighbor. 'Would I,' said he, 'be such a poor, spiritless being, as to be ruled by my wife, no never! Poor Tibbets dare not say that the sun shines without first asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed.' Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on his part, enabled his wife to manage him very easily. If she wanted to stop at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, merely to show that he was master.

If she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner, tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs Tibbets and Mrs Starkey once agreed to have a day's pleasure. It was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a drive to see a celebrated abbey at about a dozen miles distance.

It was only necessary for Mrs Tibbets to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her to the abbey in a gig. Mrs Starkey, however, went another way to work. She felt determined to go in a chaise, and set off to Mr Starkey to bring the matter round.

'Would you believe it,' said she, 'that our neighbors, the Tibbets's, are silly enough to spend a whole day in looking over the old abbey. They mean to go to-morrow.'

'I don't know that there is anything so very silly in it. If I felt disposed to go there, or anywhere else, I would go.'

'Certainly you might go, Mr Starkey, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will.'

'Against your will, indeed! a wife ought to have no will, but that of her husband. If I thought proper for you to go, you should go.'

'Excuse me, Mr Starkey, you have had your own way too much. If I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me.'

'Trouble in persuading you! Then I am resolved to go, and you shall go too. I'll have my way, Mrs Starkey, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to the abbey, for whether you will or not, there you shall go!'

'Mr Starkey, I know that when you take a thing into your head, you will have your way. I never yet met with so determined a man. Mr Tibbets, I understand, wished to go in a chaise, but his wife was more prudent, and would not allow it.

She insisted on his taking a gig. Now, if you really do mean to compel me to go to the abbey, remember that I shall go in a gig too! Mrs Tibbets very properly insisted on her husband's taking a gig.'

'And her husband is a poor silly simpleton, to be ruled by her. I am no Mr Tibbets, for I will have my way, and to show you that I will, a chaise shall be at the door by eight o'clock in the morning.

In the morning, Mr and Mrs Tibbets set off in a gig, and soon after, Mr and Mrs Starkey in a chaise; Mr Starkey feeling determined to convince his wife that he was master, and his wife chuckling within herself to think how well she had managed her husband.

Now what an unworthy way it is for any husband or wife to rule by clamor or by deception! How much better to be kindly affectionate one towards another, bearing with each other's infirmities and increasing each other's joys!

It is not possible for husband and wife to walk together in peace, unless they are agreed. Let then the word of God be attended to.—'Husbands, love your wives,' 'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands.' Thus contention will be done away, and stratagem will be rendered useless.

# THE VOICE OF THE SPRING TIME.

BY MARTIN THAYER, JR.

I come! I come! from the flowery South,  
With the voice of song and the shout of mirth;  
I have wandered far, I have wandered long,  
The valley and hills of the South among;  
On woodland and glen, on mountain and moor,  
I have smiled as I smiled in days of yore;  
In emerald green I have decked them forth,  
And I turn again to my home in the North.

I have roved afar through the storied East,  
And held on her hills my solemn feast;  
Through her cypress groves my voice was heard  
In the music sweet of my fav'rite bird;

Each plain I have clothed in the sunlight warm,  
And slumbered in peace 'neath the desert palm;  
A garment of light to the sea I gave,  
And melody soft to each rushing wave.

O'er the isles that gem the Ægean sea  
I sported and flew with frolicsome glee;  
'Round the ruins grey of the olden time,  
Bright garlands I hung of the creeping vine;  
Ah, little they thought, who slumber beneath,  
That the warrior's plume and the victor's wreath  
Would fade like the blossoms that spring-time  
flings  
'Round the cotter's grave, and the tombs of kings.

O'er Marathon grey I walked in my pride,  
And smiled o'er the plain where the brave had  
died.

On the field of Plataea I laid me down,  
'Neath the shadows deep of old Cithæron's  
frown.

Full soundly I ween doth the Persian sleep,  
When the fir trees mourn, and the wild flowers  
creep;  
His requiem soft I sang as I lay,  
And dreamed of the glory won on that day.

O'er Italia's hills soft sunlight I poured,  
And her olive groves bloomed wherever I trod;  
A coronet green to the mountains I gave,  
And a robe of blue to each laughing wave;  
With verdure I clothed each mouldering pile,  
And laughed at the glory of man the while—  
For I thought how old Time had trampled in  
scorn

O'er the monuments proud of yesterday's morn,

I come! I come! with the song of the thrush,  
To wake with its sweetness the morning's blush;  
To hang on the hawthorn by blossoms fair,  
And strew o'er each field my flowrets rare.  
The lark, he is up, on his heavenward flight,  
And the leaves are all gemm'd with diamonds  
bright;

The hills are all bathed in purple and gold,  
And the bleating of flocks is heard from the fold.

Go forth! go forth! for the spring-time is come,  
And makes in the North his bright sunny home;  
The sky is his banner—the hills his throne—  
Where in sunshine robed, he sits all alone;  
In the depths of the woods his footsteps are seen  
By each moss-covered rock and telltale stream;  
And his voice is heard through each leaf-clad  
tree,

In the plaint of the dove and the hum of the bee.



### The Curiosity Cabinet.

**AN ICELAND CUSTOM.**—There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection and favor of the Almighty. Dr Henderson, from whom it is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen, when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessings of their Father in heaven. Even at passing a stream, which, in their country of precipices, is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom.—This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that, from their isolated situation, and mode of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instruction seems to have become incorporated with their very elements of being.

**DEATH OF MIRAMACHA.**—The death of this tyrant, who was the son and successor of the famous Tamerlane, happened in this wise: he was once made a prisoner by the rajah of Cascar, who generously liberated him on condition that the country of Cascar should be free from tribute. Now it happened, in a future war, the rajah became a prisoner to Miramacha; but the latter had not the generosity of the Indian, and caused the rajah's eyes to be put out, after the manner of the East. One day it was reported to Miramacha that the rajah, though blind, yet excelled in archery, and could hit a target on hearing a voice proceed from it. Miramacha, fond of such diversions, and a skilful archer himself, sent for his prisoner, that he might

behold his skill. When the rajah came to the place of trial, an officer commanded him to shoot—but he said, 'I shall not obey any one but my conqueror; when I hear the king's voice, I shall obey.' Miramacha then gave the word, and in an instant the arrow sped into the heart of the ungrateful tyrant.

**THE POISONED VALLEY OF JAVA.**—The usual meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society took place on Saturday, the Rt. Hon. W. W. Wynn in the chair. A paper was read by Col. Sykes, on the poisoned Upas Valley at Betur in Java, extracted from a letter by London, containing a description of his visit to the place in July, 1830. According to the statement of Mr London, this valley is twenty miles in extent, and of a considerable width; it presents a most desolate appearance, the surface being sterile and without any vegetation. The valley contains numerous skeletons of mammalia birds. In one place the skeleton of a human being was seen, with his head resting on the right hand. According to tradition, it is said that the neighboring tribes were in the habit of driving their criminals into the valley to expiate their crimes. Mr London tried the experiment of lowering some dogs and fowls into the valley, and in every case animation became quickly suspended, although life was prolonged in some instances for ten minutes. The valley proved to be the crater of an extinguished volcano, in which carbonic acid gas is generated, like the Grotto del Cane at Naples. The fabulous influence imputed to the Upas tree is therefore without foundation—the mortality being caused solely by the deleterious agency of the gas.—*London paper.*

**ANECDOTE OF TWO FEMALE SOVEREIGNS.** The ambition of Fredigonde and Brunehaut exposed all France to a terrible con-

fusion. These two women, bent upon each other's destruction, abandoned themselves to the greatest crimes to effect it. But notwithstanding in their lives they resembled each other, yet they widely differed in their ends. Fredigonde, who had ventured to assassinate, commit parricide and sacrilege, died quietly, having lived to obtain a victory which secured the kingdom to her son Clotaire. Brunehart, more unfortunate, met with the punishment she deserved. After having seen the throats of her grand-children cut before her eyes, she was herself sentenced to death by a general assembly of France, who were unanimous in their cry that she should be made to suffer the most rigorous torments. They put her upon the rack for three days, then led her through the camp, seated upon a camel, and afterwards tied her to the tail of an unruly horse, which by dragging her over the stones and through the briars, occasioned her a horrible death.

EFFECTS OF MATRIMONY UPON THE DURATION OF LIFE.—It is generally admitted by physicians, that matrimony, if not entered into too early, is conducive to health and long life, the proportion of unmarried persons attaining great age being remarkably small. Dr. Rush says, that in the course of his inquiries, he met with only one person beyond eighty years of age who had never been married. An English writer, however, mentions a Mrs. Malton, who died in 1733, aged 105; Ann Kerney, who died the same year, aged 110; Martha Dunridge, who died in 1752, in the 100th year of her age; and Mrs. Warren, who died in 1753, aged 104—all of whom were single persons who had never been married. The cheerful and contented are certainly more likely to enjoy good health and long life, than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions; so far, therefore, as marriage serves to increase the happiness, it may serve to lengthen life. Unhappy marriages, for an obvious reason, must shorten life.

### Editorial.

FEMALE LABOR.—Female labor is honorable: in the ancient times it was considered so, even by dames of the most princely birth. True, ladies of fashion, *now* affect to contemn it, and to consider that hand a vulgar one which is not white as an unspotted lily. They are very lavish of sneers towards those whose better tastes and more elevated minds or even needy circumstances lead them to engage in works of profitable industry. But such sickly, disgusting, mincing *belles*, are totally unworthy of regard, and their sneers are of as little worth as their smiles. In spite of either, every young lady should adopt the above sentence as her motto:—Female industry is honorable.

But there is one fact connected with the industry of females which demands attention and correction. Very many young ladies living at home with their parents, and wishing to earn something for the purchase of clothing, &c., are in the habit of taking in, what is technically called '*slop work*.' For this, they are paid a sum scarcely sufficient to enable them to pay the ordinary price for board; but being partly supported by their parents, they are content with the scanty pittance they receive. The manufacturer takes advantage of this fact, and cuts his prices down to the lowest point on the scale—so that scores of girls work hard all day, on some kinds of work for a paltry *shilling* or twenty cents!

Now it is clear if they had to pay their board out of this sum, that is, if wholly dependent upon it for support, they would be half starved. Is it right then, we ask, for them to submit to such prices at all? We say, no! They should demand a price equal to their support, just as much as if they had no father to assist them. For, they now injure all branches of female labor—they help to bring down the prices of all kinds of work; and the time may come when the female operative may be reduced to the same destitution as those of England. Parents should see to this, and strictly prohibit their daughters from

working for the '*slop merchants*,' for less than a fair equivalent; and girls should be willing to sustain their parents. This decision, universally adopted would eventually elevate the prices to what is right and just for all parties.

ANCIENT COOKERY.—Smile not, fair reader, at seeing this culinary caption. We are not going to read you a homily on the honorable art here mentioned. We wish merely to state a few facts in respect to its productions in classic times. We quote from the *Curiosities of Literature*, with some abridgements.

'The cooks of the ancients carried their art to the most whimsical profession.—They were so dexterous, as to be able to serve up a whole pig, boiled on one side and basted on the other! The cook who performed this feat defied his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff it with an olio composed of thrushes and other birds; the yolk of eggs, minced meats highly spiced, &c. When this cook is entreated to explain this secret art, he solemnly swears by the names of those who braved all the dangers of the plain of Marathon, and combated at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year!'

Such bombast on such a theme, is truly ridiculous. It shows however, the deep devotion of the times to sensual gratifications. We give another example.

'These cooks with a vegetable, could counterfeit the shape and the taste of fish and flesh. The king of Bythynia in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter, and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent desire for a small fish called *aphy*—a pilchard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape; then fried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grain of a dozen black poppies; his majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to guests, as an excellent fish!'

But the best, or rather the worst in-

stance, is yet to come. One Apicius, usually resided at Minturna in Campania, where he ate shrimps at immense prices. Here, he was informed, that in Africa, shrimps were more monstrous. Without losing a day, he embarked, and after encountering imminent peril, reached Africa. The fishermen brought him their largest shrimps. He shook his head, and asked: 'Have you never any larger?' They reply, 'No!' The epicure rejects them, returns to his own shrimps at Minturna, and ever after regards Africa with profound contempt!

Such was the sensual degradation of the ancient world. What wonder that the hardy, simple livers of the North overcame them! Let us pity while we smile; and learn to avoid, while we pity their follies.

#### Book Notices.

WRIGHT'S *LA FONTAINE*, illustrated by J. J. Grandville, 2 vols. 8vo.

This work is a noble and elegant addition to the standard literature of America. It is a fine translation of the finest fables in the world. Fontaine has left Phædrus and Æsop far in the rear. Mr Wright has secured for himself an imperishable fame by so honorably associating himself with the name of Fontaine, as his able translator. Then its 240 superb engravings, its very superior typography, and its elegant binding, make it altogether an invaluable work to the lover of literature. We consider it a choice, valuable and rare work. Among our *twelve or fifteen thousand* readers, are doubtless many who can afford this splendid work. We advise them by all means to purchase it. Ten dollars cannot be better invested in a literary manner.

For sale by Elizur Wright, jr. Boston, by Tappan & Dennet, Boston; and Coleman, New York. Orders for the work will be received at the office of the Ladies' Pearl, and promptly forwarded to Mr. Wright. Price, in 2 vols. with 240 engravings, \$10.00:—in 1 vol. with 60 engravings, \$5.00:—in 1 vol. with 12 engravings, \$3.50.



GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

ANDANTE.

TENOR.

ALTO.

TREBLE.

BASS.

God, that ma - dest earth and heaven,

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The staves are labeled TENOR, ALTO, TREBLE, and BASS. The lyrics 'God, that ma - dest earth and heaven,' are written below the ALTO and TREBLE staves.

Dark - ness and light; Who the day for

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The lyrics 'Dark - ness and light; Who the day for' are written below the staves.

toil hast given, For rest, the night!

This system contains the final four staves of the musical score. The lyrics 'toil hast given, For rest, the night!' are written below the staves. The system concludes with double bar lines on all staves.

May thine an - - - gel guards de - - fend us,

Slum - ber sweet thy mer - - cy send us, Ho - - - ly

dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.



# LADIES' PEARL.

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From the London Amulet.

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## A BAPTISM IN THE ISLES.

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It was on one of those bright, lovely, heart-inspiring days of early autumn, by which in northern climates the fickle moodiness of spring and summer is so deliciously atoned, that a little knot of worshippers, attuned in inward feeling to the still hour of solemn Sabbath morning, and harmonizing in primitive exterior with the simple features of the island scenery around them—sat gazing, across the rarely unvexed Sound of B——, on the humble tomb-stones of a quiet kirk-yard in the Outer Hebrides.

The church—a memorial of the gratitude to Heaven of some shipwrecked lord of the isles in ruder yet more pious times, was placed amid the very perils it commemorated; only sufficiently elevated, on its majestic natural pedestal of rock, above the dangerous shore, to prevent the waves by which the hallowed edifice was perpetually invaded, from actually washing it away; while often did the deep, soul-felt Hebridean prayer for those that 'go down to the sea in ships,' breathed forth by the sons of stormy Thule, derive a strange, yet awful, accompaniment, from the boding murmurs of the scarce-excluded tempest.

To-day, however, the little island fane reposed—between its rocky barrier on the one hand, and its soft, rarely-trodden church-yard on the other—in smiling Sabbath stillness, as if no storm had ever since its first erection, vexed the tranquil arm of the sea it overlooked. And pleasant, though in nature's simplest, least ambitious style, were the objects on which the eyes of its assembling worshippers rested, while awaiting in patient, uneventful quietude, the arrival, from the larger island in which he usually resided, of their ever-welcome pastor.

Immediately beneath the church, lay stretched around a little bay of silver sand, a scattered hamlet of some dozen or so of

fishermen's cottages; before whose very doors the summer waves came sporting in the sunshine, and dancing reproachfully around the keels of the one or two rude boats drawn up on the beach, as if enticing them to tempt the no longer formidable deep. With their gentle, yet cheerful murmur, mingled the gay, though, on this hallowed day, subdued, voices of children, rocking in fancied importance in the idle barks, or dabbling, fearless as their rival sea-birds, in their native element; while, from the short, green herbage, spreading inland far as eye could reach, the tinkle of a sheep-bell, or farewell note of the fast-emigrating plover, broke without disturbing the Sabbath stillness of the scene.

Its musing tenor was however, ere long, interrupted by anxious speculations on the unwonted detention of the usually punctual pastor. For many a year, often through storm and peril, had the eve of every alternate Sabbath brought him, like a ministering angel, to his beloved island flock. Never but once, (and that from a cause which the settled weather of the preceding evening now put wholly out of the question) had he delayed till the very morning of the hallowed day, his three miles voyage across the proverbially treacherous Sound of B——; nor was he at all likely, under the present circumstances, to have voluntarily done so; seeing that on this smiling, yet to many, sorrowful Sabbath, he was to unite, in one solemn, touching ceremony, the baptism of the fatherless children of a whole boat's crew of lost fishermen. To bear up the surviving widows under a sad rite, investing them with a double burden of parental duties and responsibilities, pastoral counsel and consolation would of course be abundantly needful; nor was it in the kind nature of the worthy man of God thus to defer it, but for valid, and yet unimaginable reasons. On these, conjecture was soon exhausted;



and from them the transition was easy, among a people few and isolated, and consequently linked by more than ordinary brotherhood, to the sad recollection of the event by which so many hearts (not in S— alone, but throughout the Scottish Isles) had been at once made desolate.

'I'll ne'er put faith in sea again!' exclaimed a grey haired elder of the group, as some one expatiated on its rare and placid beauty—'It lookit muckle sic like as ye see it now, but sax short hours afore the rising o' that awfu' gale that cost our lads their lives, and made mair widows and orphans in ae night, than ever grat afore atween Dunrossness and Scalloway. Four weary days did I sit here, wi' wailing women round me, ahint the shelter o' the auld Kirk, that seemed whiles rockin' in the blast itsel, and watch till my e'en blinded, wi' the spy-glass, for the men that never cam to biggit land again! And, o' the fourth, the doore South Easter blew as fierce and furiously, as though it hadna (lang ere that time) gotten its sairin o' men's precious lives. Our folk, nae doubt were blawn awa' to sea, and perished there o' cauld, and drouth, and hunger—though broken boats were rife enow for weeks they tell me after, on the wild Caithness shore; and north as far as the verra Shetlands! But what dos't matter how the puir fallaws lost their lives, since it was His will (reverently lifting his bonnet) they never should return?'

The hour of worship at length drew near. The warm autumnal haze which had for some time past risen to wrap in its robe of silver mist the distant shores of B—, yielded to the breath of a light but steady breeze; before which a boat was ere long descried, cleaving the shining waters with its broad and sunny wings, like some harbinger bird on a message of mercy from realms of light and love. But it was soon perceived, by the experienced eye of old Ronald Ross (the envied possessor of the sole spy-glass on the island) that, instead of the usual neat skiff, went to convey over calm and summer seas the expected pastor, the advancing craft was a black weather beaten sea-boat; filled too by a far larger crew than the four youthful rowers who, in clean checked shirts, and trews of holiday Tartan, claimed the privilege of manning, on ordinary occasions, the minister's little pinnace.

Curiosity, not the less keen for lack of frequent aliment, was abundantly excited. The glass passed rapidly from hand to hand among the male-gazers, while the women launched out into an ocean of conjecture. Could it be dread of a storm at that uncertain season which brought the winter boat across to-day? Could it be

the fishermen of B— accompanying the minister on his sad, but interesting duty to the orphans of their deceased comrades? Or last, not least, could the chief himself have chanced to visit the isles, and be coming in person to grace the rite, and solace, with his well-known kindness and liberality, the sorrows of many a widowed heart? The supposition was not an unlikely one, for the venerable pastor had been his beloved and honored tutor, and often had they in after life gone hand in hand in deeds of charity and mercy.

But, as the nearing boat, in rounding a projecting headland, turned her dark side more broadly to the view, forms were first suspected, and then descried, to be within her, more familiar and dearer far than even the white haired man of God, or the gay gallant heir of Castle B—. 'Gude saf is!' exclaimed old Ronald Ross, well nigh dropping on the rocks his precious spy-glass—'if the foremost man in the bows o' yon boat be na Neil Bryden himsel', it maun be his wraith!'

'Neil Bryden!' echoed a dozen voices at once—'Neil Bryden! Surely Ronald, the taisch\* maun be on ye, that ye see drowned men in the body, by the fair light o' day on a Sabbath morning!' 'It's fifteen weeks yesterday since Neil Bryden and a' his crew sailed out o' the cove down bye. Think ye they'll ever see't in life, till the sea gie up its dead, as the minister said in the burial sermon?'

'It has gi'en them up, and afore its time; His name be praised!' said another grey-headed elder, who had saved the glass from falling, and ever since been gazing through it. 'We've lost her now round the point; but ere she gaed out o' view I saw Neil Bryden, and lang Macleod, and Jock the mainlander, and the twa Mackinnons, a' standing livin' men thegither. But my een reeled, ye may believe, and I could na count them rightly; and'—here his voice fell—'I did na see *him* I wad fainest hae seen o' them a', and that's the gallant skipper, blythe Angus Roy; and his wife has the sairest heart o' ony, for she's no island born, and pines for her ain folk. But he might be yonder, and me no see him; there was ae strapping chield ahint the mast that I could na mak' out ava.'

'God grant it may be Angus come to life wi' the lave, if so be that you are livin' men, and a real timber boat, and no a delusion o' the enemy,' said Ronald, lifting his bonnet as he spoke. But, ere his cautious speech was uttered, men, women, and children, had rushed down a short but precipitous path, leading directly to the

\* Second sight.

little port below. Just as the foremost runner's foot touched the margin of the sequestered natural harbor, its silver sands grated beneath the keel of the dark fishing-boat, and out leaped headlong on their native shores half a dozen joyous, but thin and weather-beaten mariners. Some stooped and kissed the ground they never more had hoped to see, with frantic eagerness; some knelt and uttered forth, regardless of human eyes, their thankfulness to Him who rules the deep; some, who found relatives in the already assembled crowd, embraced them, half afraid to ask for others, nearer and dearer still.

To these, the thoughts of all, of the good minister especially, were instantly directed; at whose considerate suggestion, indeed, the boat had been run into the quiet cove, instead of making at once for its usual landing-place below the village. Thither he now proceeded, restraining by his gentle authority, the haste of many an indiscreet herald of a tide of joy too mighty to be abruptly poured into any human bosom.

But, in this joy, as in every earthly cup, however overflowing, there mingled a drop of sadly contrasting bitterness. One was indeed missing from amid the resuscitated crew; and that, the head of all—the brave experienced Angus from the mainland; whose superior knowledge of fishing affairs, and peculiar habits of steadiness and sobriety had marked him out for the captain of the boat, of which, indeed, he was himself chief owner. And many were the lingering looks and thoughts, cast even by the excited group—who could hardly be restrained to follow at a cautious distance the preparatory advance of the minister to homes of new-born happiness, towards the solitary dwelling about half a mile inland, where the widow of Angus Roy (the deepest mourner of them all, from her natural character and isolated position in a land of comparative strangers) sat rocking on her knee the now sole orphan on whom the blessed waters of baptism were that eventful morning to distil.

'God help and pity Mhairi!' was the cry that burst from many a heart, regardless, and of the thought of her enhanced affliction, of what seemed almost the cruel mockery of joy, in store for other dwellings. Even the rescued mariners, while telling by the way, in answer to a thousand disjointed questions, the brief story of their miraculous deliverance, shrunk from the drawback on their homeward pilgrimage, inflicted by the loss of gallant Angus Roy. 'It was na in man to save him!' exclaimed they anxiously, as if deprecating blame, which none dreamed of imputing to them. 'He *wad* bide, a we could

say or do, the last man in the boat he had steered sae lang; and when his kent hand left her helm, to grip the rope that was to mak her fast, and keep her frae drifting, the auld ungrateful—gae a sudden kedge astern, and drew Angus (wi ae fit on each) fairly atween her and the tall merchant brig, that lay tossing in the trough o' the sea, and had ill eneuch ado to tak ony o' us in. She fought hard though, ye may believe, and *us* aboard her, to recover him! Neil Bryden then louped into the sea, ere ever man could hinder him (for weel he likit Angus,) and ance he thought he grip-pit his hair; but it was but the rope o' the auld black boat after a'; and we brought her hame, ill doin limmer as she was, for Angus's sake. She'll aye win a penny for his wife and fatherless weans!'

'God help and comfort her and them!' burst from many a heart: 'but there will nane need to gae near her till the minister can won himsel. Its wark for nane but the like o' him, honest man, to keep her frae sinfu' repining, when a' the lave hae sae muckle cause for joy!'

'I'm come to help him, with God's blessing,' said a frank, and what would under other circumstances have been almost a joyous voice, from among the rescued band; and all eyes turned on the 'strap-ping chield,' old Ronald Ross's spy-glass had failed to make out behind the mast of the boat, and who on landing had still lingered, almost unheeded, behind the quickly encompassed islanders.

'And wha are ye that should hope to bring comfort to Mhairi Bean?' asked the grey-haired elder, who had eyed the lad for some time with perplexed half-recognition. 'Even her ain father's son, another Angus (half as dear may be to her, as the aye that is with God,) come all the way from America, to do for Mhairi and her bairns what He enables me, and she shall bid me,' replied the youth, in the same frank and fearless tone which marked his first introduction to the notice of the group. 'God's blessing on ye, callant!' rose on every tongue, as the sympathies of the lingering crowd fairly deserted the more common-place scene of joy before them, for the strangely mingled burst of widowed grief, and reviving natural affection which must await the arrival of the young man on his sister's desolate hearth. But without the minister's sanctioning presence none durst encounter it; and, rejoicing first with those that rejoiced, they all felt, might enable and strengthen them to mourn with her, who (even in a long relinquished brother's arms) they knew could not do otherwise than weep.

Meantime the precautions of the worthy pastor had proved unavailing. The boat

had been observed from the village to be of larger size and stronger build than usual; and, though no spy-glass there revealed glimpses (as of the world of spirits) to the sick hearts of the expecting matrons, curiosity *was* excited. A group of the elder fisher-girls (lingering from past associations near the scene of their once cheerful labors) bent on the nearing bark a gaze of wondering recognition, while the instinct, more unerring still, of their sagacious Highland terrier, led him to forego his race's unamphibious habits, and stand with ears and tail erect, fairly amid the curling waves. At length a wild, half-witted boy, son to one of the long-lost fishermen, dashed bare-legged across a narrow creek of what might be called his native element, to rouse the astonished village with tidings of a spectre-boat, with Neil Bryden at the helm, and his own well-known father, Hugh Mackinnon, sitting pale and wraith-like, in the bows.

The rumor ran like wild-fire through the straggling hamlet—one by one its half-appalled, half-doubting inmates appeared on their long-deserted thresholds. It was to see, in the advancing crowd, the confirmation of part at least of the young scout's strange communication. Sailors *were* there, more numerous far than usually attended on the pious pastor; figures *were* there, in whose gait and stature affection could not be deceived; faces (soon even these could be described) there were, but dearer far for the tears of care and sorrow which none would have wished, at such a time, to see utterly banished thence. Before the wondrous group could thread its way through rocks to the open bay on which the hamlet stood four women in deep widow's garb, were locked in the arms of those they had for months deplored as lost; and the husband of a fifth (whom joy had paralysed while it lent wings to others,) the elder Mackinnon, was clearing with gigantic leaps, while before him bounded his half-witted boy—the space between him and the hearth, where one, always delicate, and now enfeebled by distress, sat wondering whether it was she or her poor lad-die, whose brain was in some strange manner turned to-day.

Long and fondly were wives strained to hearts that never thought to beat again beneath the friendly burden; but even wives soon yielded in interest to the yet unseen babes, whom, tossing on the midnight sea, or gazing at childish groups round friendly though far distant hearths—parents had sought to image to their longing minds! Quickly flew the covering from the cradles, where lay, adorned for the approaching solemnity, the innocent creatures, dearer to mother's hearts for the grief amid which

they had first had power to win a smile? Were they not lovelier, finer, dearer far in father's eyes, than ever peaceful parents kissed at rarely-left firesides? They were; and if not smothered in the long arrear of overwhelming tenderness, the share their mothers and elder prattlers claimed, had alone the merit of averting the catastrophe. But why dwell on scenes like these? Who does not know or feel better than man can paint it for him, the joy too incoherent for words, which springs from meetings deemed (on earth) impossible, and ties renewed when buried in the grave?

The pastor soon saw that here his ministrations were superfluous, save that one brief impressive soul-felt prayer, which stilled like precious oil the tumultuous waves of rapture, and called a chastened feeling downward from that heaven to which it rose. All joined, in deep unbidden reverence, in the holy tribute which, with the judgment that marked all his intercourse with human creatures, the minister saw must supersede, on this eventful day, the stated morning services of the sanctuary; whose evening worship he purposed to render doubly hallowed by that interesting baptismal service, which all, with subdued yet grateful hearts, would then be fitter to attend.

Duty, meanwhile, painful yet deeply interesting duty, summoned him elsewhere. For, abruptly as joy had been allowed to try its strength on human weakness, sorrow had been held sacred even by a rude, unpolished people. No murmur had wafted to Mhairi Bean's low cottage the wondrous tale of general joy and individual bereavement. She sat, trying by many a kiss to nerve her heart to bear to the sacred font the child no father would be there to claim from her; little thinking how bitter, how unendurable, indeed, would be the glance which would show her, ranged around it, fathers yielded back by the greedy deep, as if in mockery of her still lonely hearth and unacknowledged babe. But He who numbers all the widow's tears, had sent one she little dreamed of to assume the sponsor's office; and for this it was necessary, as soon as might be, to pave the painful way.

Accompanied alone by the young transatlantic highlander, and by Neil Bryden, whose presence, as her late husband's oldest and tried friend, it was thought the bereaved one might, when the sad discovery was made, be induced with least of agony to bear, the good pastor entered, with his wonted familiarity, the dwelling of 'Mainland Mary.' The visit, as preliminary to the day's trying solemnity, had not been unexpected. Composed, decently attired, and surrounded by three smiling elder



children, the stranger widow, whom no relative of her own attended to support throughout the painful day, thought it but like her reverend minister, to come himself to fetch the loneliest stricken sheep in his flock home to her Father's house. Choking with feelings too mighty even for his disciplined mind, he sat down beside the unsuspecting mourner, while the others yet waited without; though the half-closed door let not a word escape them of the touching conference, and said, 'Mary, when last we met, you could say through your tears, 'Blessed be the Lord!' though he had seen meet to 'take away the delight of your eyes with a stroke!' Did the blow, that at the same time fell on other broken hearts, teach you, even in the midst of your own sorrows to weep with those that wept? Or did the general calamity make your own feel lighter and less grievous?'

'Oh, sir,' cried the heart-broken young creature, 'ye canna surely think sae! Do my forworded bairns lie lighter on my heart, or their puir drowned father come less often to my dreams, because five widows like mysel maun tak fatherless babes in their arms, down by to the kirk the day?'

'And what if they did not stand so situated, Mary? What if you alone bore the burden an unerring God has been pleased to lay on you? Could you rejoice—or, if that is too much for frail human nature, could you bear with those who, in His mysterious providence, are all—save yourself—widows no longer?'

'Save me!' echoed the poor bereaved one, scarce comprehending the bewildering distinction—scarce accountable for the first extorted murmurs of despair, 'Save me, the loneliest, and weariest, and waest o' them a'; wi' nae friend o' mine ain to tak me awa' frae a place and folk that I canna bide langer wi' and live?'

'I'll tak ye awa', Mhairi dear!' exclaimed the young Nova Scotian, bursting unbidden into the room, and throwing his arms round his sister. 'Do ye no mind your wild brother Angus, that ye grat sae to part wi', and said ye wad never see mair? I have nae forgotten how ye pled for me whiles, when I angered the lave wi' my daffin'; or the crown ye sewed into the faulds o' my gravat, nor the counsel ye gied me never to forget Scotland and you! I'm come back to be father and mother, and man to you Mhairi; to bide wi' ye here, if ye bid me, or take ye to Arisaig the morn, if ye like to gang.'

'Arisaig!' murmured the widow, as if the last well-known name alone had roused her overwhelmed and bewildered faculties. 'Na, na, laddie! the bare walls,

and cauld hearth-stones there, wad be waur than the eerie dwallin, and fremit hearts here!'

'But there's nae bare wa's or cauld fire-sides where I bid ye gang, Mhairi dear; but bein houses and warm ingles, and a' your ain folk to gie you a canty hame-coming. It's Arisaig *over the seas* where I cam frae, and would fain carry you. D'ye no ken that we ca'd our bonny new fishing-ground yonder, by the name our hearts aye warm to, at home?'

'I had heard sae, may be, laddie!' (for from pronouncing her brother's name she still seemed to shrink.) 'But, troth, I thought aiblins less o' ye a' than I suld hae done, till I had name forbye to think o'. Oh, Angus, Angus!' here the suppressed passion burst forth at length, 'Tak me whaur ye will, ye canna gie me back the Angus that the deep sea hauds in its bosom! But I'll gang wi' ye, dear, 'deed will I; and the blessing o' the widow and fatherless be wi' ye for mindin' me!'

'Minding ye, Mhairi? Con a mither forget her bairn? as our's cried when Neil Bryden there speired if she remembered her far awa' dochter? Ye maun speak to Neil, Mhairi, dawtie; and tak the hand he's been hauding out to ye ever sin' he cam in. He was a leal friend to him that's awa'; and has left his ain wife to her joy to come here and see you in your sorrow.'

'Neil Bryden!' said the bereaved one, endeavoring to look up, while an involuntary shudder crossed her frame, and buried her head once more on her brother's breast. 'Neil, how came ye here, and a' the hands forbye, I thought I heard them say—and him—him—'

'As God shall judge us, Mhairi, it was nae fau't o' man's; and when the boat sundered frae the ship, and Angus sunk between them, the mirk night, and raging sea, made it madness to hope to save him. But it was tried, Mhairi, doubt na that! The fremit Aberdeen skipper pat about his vessel at the risk o' his life, and ane o' puir Angus's comrades jumped into the black boiling water, to keep him to ye if it had been God's will.'

'There stands the man, Mary,' interposed the pastor in a kind yet gently admonishing tone, 'will you not put your hand in that which stretched out, at risk of life, to save your husband?'

'Will I?' exclaimed the rebuked and once more freely weeping widow, as she tore herself from her brother's arms, and speechlessly grasped, though with averted face, both the hands of the fairly-sobbing mariner: 'For what ye've dune, Neil, I'll bless and pray for ye to my dying day; and ye maun say,' her voice subsiding to an almost inaudible whisper, 'to Mar

Bryden, that grat sae often wi' me whaur you're standin' now; thus I'll try and no repine that she need greet nae langer. Gang till her Neil, for, oh, I ken fu' weel she's wearying on you!

'She'll no weary, lang, Mhairi, for we'll a' hae to be stappin down to the kirk belyve. But I canna leave ye wi sic a sair heart and no tell you—afore your wiselike stalwart chield o' a brother there, how happy ye'll be yet when ye win out to your folk owre sea, and how kind, for auld Scotland's sake, they can be to puir heart-broken shipwrecked men. Think na to feel strange, Mhairi, when ye land on you far awa' shore! I've never felt a moment's strangeness since, after five lang nights and days o' weary drivin' owre the wide sea, out o' a' sight or hope o' home; Ane abune a' sent a vessel through the Pentland Frith to rescue us. Our sail was a' rent, Mhairi, and our oars maistly washed awa'. The last drap o' water in the keg was drank lang syne, and the last dreg o' meal in the barrel licked dry, through our dryer throats wad scarcely let it owre, when the ship cam fleein' round the Head, like an angel frae heaven.'

'Feared were we a' she wadna see us, for night was darkenin' fast as she came nigh, and as we were bath drivin' awa' afore the gale, she was likelier to sink than save us! It was your Angus, Mhairi, it will be a comfort to ye to hear it, that saved our lives, if we could na save his, puir fallow! He had his gun in the boat—the gun ye were wont to say wad be his death among the wild craigs after the sea-fowl; weel, the sound o' that gun was the first thing that let the ship's crew ken there were men in jeopardy afore them. They fire again—oh, what a blessed sound was that to perishing creatures! We had mostly a' tint heart the last twa days, and our strength seemed failed and gone; but that gun put life into the weakest, and we stood to our oars again, as if arm o' man could do aught but sit still and bide the Lord's time to save us.

'The ship came driving on, hung wi' as mony lights as the blast wad let her burn; ropes and kind hands were flung in dozens over her side, we grappled some, and others grappled us, and God only can tell how we were a' landed—save him that's landed on a better shore, Mhairi—on board the Aberdeen brig that saved us.'

'Oh, but her crew were kindly couthy creatures, and gae us our bite and soup as though they had been our brothers born! But their tongue was a wee fremit like; and they couldna speak o' our ain isles, and lochs, and firths, that they never saw, and scarce heard tell o'. But when we

landed at Pietou, Mhairi, it was maist as like hame as Wick or Stornoway. The hieland tongue was in every street and hieland hearts in every house. The first thing I speired after, Mhairi, next to my ain gude brither frae the Lewis that I found was dead and gone, was for a' your folk frae the mainland: for I thought your heart wad warm the mair to them now than ever; and wha should I speir at but Angus there, that I had never saw, but who had heard o' the boat picked up at sea, and cam fleeing to the town to see lads frae the isles. Man and mither's son o' us, he wad hae us out to Arisaig; and bonny as ye may think the place they ca' sae in Scotland, its narthing, they tell me, to the land o' their ain makin' owre bye. Its no but they like their ain hills and lochs, best still, the auld falk especially; but there was nought but starvation, and misery, and heart-break here, and yonder they've meat, and drink, and cleadin to the mast; and the mae mouths, the mair to fill them wi'; so your bairns will be a fortune to ye there, Mhairi, in place o' a heart-break.'

'Aye,' interrupted the Nova Scotian, eagerly, 'when I first gaed out, Mhairi, little as ye thought o' the wild callant at hame, I won mair siller in a week wi' the axe in the bonny woods yonder, than our father could win in a year; let him toil as he likit. But ye'll come out wi' me and see, Mhairi, and ye needna tak thought for being a burden to ony ane; for the white wheat's plentier in the land I come frae, than the black aits in the strath ye left; and the fruit trees grow like the birks in the laird o' Ardvallan's hags. It's just a land o' promise, as the gude minister there wad ca't. We've a gude ane o' our ain, out bye just like him; and a kirk by the sea-shore, maist as grand, though be biggit it ourselves, at St. Coul's down yonder.'

'I rejoice to hear it, young man,' said the good pastor kindly. 'Scottish hearts cannot long beat any where, without yearning for the word as preached to their fathers. But you remind me that there is a solemn duty abiding us at home. Mhairi, you are aware that the infant in yonder cradle awaits a name, in token of admission into his Master's flock. Can your heart rise in thankfulness to Him who has sent, to fill a father's place, another sponsor bound and ready to fulfil his part?'

'Aye, Sir!' said the now calm, and wondrously supported mother. With composure almost amounting to dignity, she walked towards the cradle, lifted thence her sleeping babe, delivered him, with one long and silent kiss, to the uncle, around whose knees the other children had already unconsciously clung, and say-

ing, 'God be wi' ye, my bairn, and mak' ye like him whose name ye are to get the day!' rushed, by an opening behind the fire-place, into the other end of the cottage.

With grief, chastened and hallowed as that which her parting words indicated, the minister felt that she might safely be left to commune alone. The party quitted the house; the young godfather, tearing with a mixture of pride and awkwardness, the precious babe entrusted to his sponsorship; while a staid little girl of seven, the destined substitute for a too-naturally absent mother, held firmly by the long frock of the charge, of which she felt, as it were, defrauded.

Neil Bryden, now that his benevolent task was done, ran nimbly forward with a lightened heart, to meet his own wife and child, whom respect only for Mhairi's feelings had kept lingering during his visit, within sight of the cottage; resolved, as he smothered with a fresh set of kisses, his smiling crowing babe, that it, too, should be named Angus, and trained to resemble its gallant godfather. The bell for worship now mingled sweetly with the wild music of the summer waves on the rock-founded walls of the rude island-house of God. The little hamlet poured its slender tide of feeble staff-bent grandsires, and plaided grandames, and heedless children, as usual, along the rugged kird-yard path. But it was swelled by manly stalwart forms in sailor-garb to-day, and neat coiffed matrons, their weeds thrown hastily aside for bridal garments, bearing each a white-robed candidate for immortality, brought up the glad procession to this 'Baptism in the Isles!'

Original.

# THE WIDOW'S GEM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Tears for the beautiful! who sank  
From life's scarce-tasted joys away,  
As fades the rosebud on its stalk,  
As fleets the dew-drop from the spray.

Tears for the widow'd mother's gem!  
On which her trembling hope was stayed,  
Borne darkly from her sheltering breast,  
And in the earth's cold casket laid.

Joy! for the fainting form releas'd  
From sharp disease and suffering's sigh,  
Long sleepless nights, and days of pain  
That drain'd the fount of being, dry.

Joy, for the ransom'd soul, at rest  
With Him, to whom its early love  
Was consecrate, who bade her join  
The banquet of the saints above.

For thus, our faith, with glorious power  
Doth blend the bitter and the sweet,  
The tear and smile, the joy and pang,  
As trophies at the Saviour's feet.  
*Hartford, April, 1842.*

From the Knickerbocker.

# THE FLOWERS AND THE LEAVES.

AN APOLOGUE.

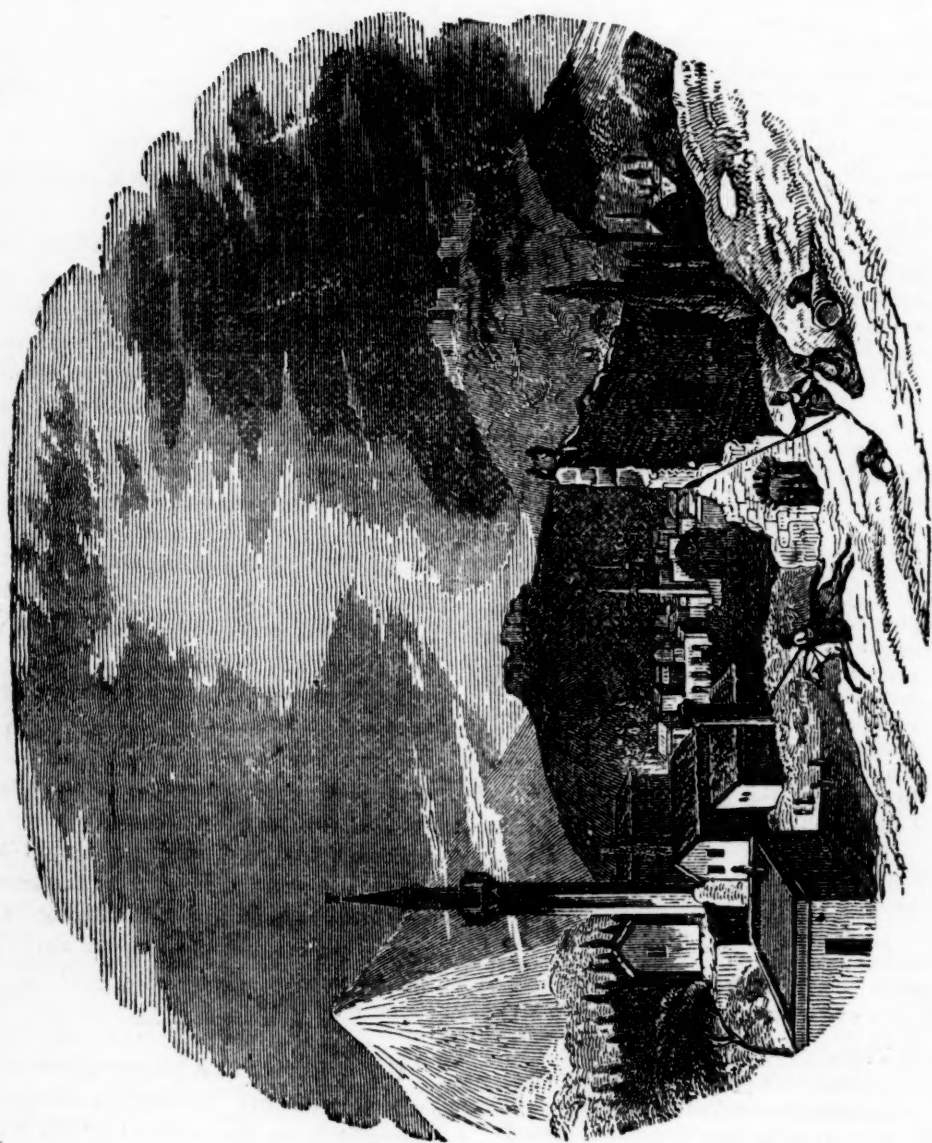
When the flowers withered in May, and pale and wan lay upon the earth, the Leaves exclaimed, 'What frail, useless things! Scarce born and they sink into the earth! But we, the longer we remain in the summer heat, grow broader, and smoother, and fairer, and after a life of many months, when we have brought forth and given earth the finest fruits, then, with variegated colors and amid the cannon thunder of the storm, sink to rest.'—But the fallen Flowers rejoined: 'We have indeed perished but not before we had given birth to the fruits.'

Ye silent, unobserved, or soon forgotten ones amid the common walks of life, in the counting-room; ye little esteemed masters of the school room; ye noble benefactors without name in history; and ye unknown mothers! despond not at the glitter and pomp of royalty, or the triumphal arches reared o'er the entombed victims of the battle-field—despond not! Ye are the flowers!

GOOD RETORT. A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. 'My love,' said he, 'I am only like the Prodigal Son; I shall reform by-and-by.' 'And I will be like the Prodigal Son too,' she replied, 'for I will arise and go to my father: and accordingly off she went.

Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?  
Yes, but not his: 'tis death himself there dies!





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Original.

## ANCIENT PHILADELPHIA.

This engraving represents the present appearance of this ancient city. It is now called Alah-shehr, which signifies 'THE CITY OF GOD.'

Emphatic name! It speaks the truth of prophecy: 'Because,' said the Omnipotent, 'thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world:' and in describing the condition of Asia Minor, the skeptical Gibbon has said 'Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins!'

Philadelphia was founded by Attalus Philadelphus, near the river Cogamus, in Lydia, and was one of the Apocalyptic churches. Twice it has suffered severely by earthquakes; but it survives and though the crescent of Turkey waves above its walls, yet it has about one thousand Greek christian inhabitants, five large churches, a resident bishop, and twenty inferior clergy.

Original.

## THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

BY DANIEL WISE.

Most clear and beautiful did the sun rise on Massachusetts Bay one November morning. Not a cloud dimmed the blue sky, and scarce a zephyr fanned the sleeping waves, that sparkled in the sunbeams as if smiling at the glorious light. The numerous ships that dotted the bay, rolled lazily as the tide laved their dark sides; and the stout fishermen threw aside their *dreadnaughts*, as they toiled for the finny tribe on the margin of the bay. It was indeed a beautiful morning, too soon to be succeeded by a drear and cheerless night.

About noon, the haze which had been increasing for the past two hours, threw a dull shadow, that lay like the black wings of the spirit of evil, upon the waters; and, though the wind had not yet risen, the waves murmured mournfully as if the pitying spirits of the deep were

chanting dirges of sorrow for the doomed victims of the coming storm.

The fishermen of a small town a few miles east of Boston were hastily mooring their trim craft on the banks of their winding river. One of them, a sturdy old sailor, remarked to his companions, 'We shall have it before night, my hearties. A stiff gale is brewing, and Heaven help the craft that happens on our coast this eve.'

A heavy gust of wind just then swept the bay, bearing on its angry bosom a cloud of snow flakes. 'Ay, ay—another hand at the bellows! Well, roar on, old Boreas, we are safely moored and care not a yarn for your grumbling;' remarked another of the fishermen.

'I guess,' replied a third, 'this will be no common gale, and may the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, watch for the life of poor Jack.'

Steadily the gale increased, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow. With night the storm gathered fresh energy until the furious howling of the wind and the roaring of the maddened waters became awfully portentous of evil to the poor mariner. Very few of the dwellers on the eastern shore slept that night; and those who had prayers to spare, offered them, for the protection of the sailor. And yet, none ventured abroad, for who could contend with the awakened fury of the elements?

The dawn brought a suppression of the gale, but also served to reveal the horrible doings of the night. Broken spars, and timbers washed on the shore gave sure evidence of shipwrecks; and men looked pale as they thought of the many brave fellows who had slept their last long sleep under the cold wave that stormy night.

Near the town, we have alluded to, is a long line of low, sandy shore, facing the northeast—a dangerous and deadly spot, for many a noble bark has stranded there. It presented a scene of unusual bustle the morning after the gale, for the broken hull of an English vessel lay there. She had been driven ashore in the night, a com-

plete wreck: of twelve men on board, nine had perished in the wave. Three had reached the shore, ignorant of where they were, unable to find shelter. One of them a fair young man, the mate; overcome by exhaustion and cold had died upon the shore and the others were little better than dead. The keeper of the lighthouse had discovered them, the neighbors were aroused and the pale, wet forms of the scarcely surviving two, together with the stiffened body of the mate were borne to a place of shelter and repose. Kindness, and hospitality restored the sufferers. The mate was buried on the following sabbath day, and as the people gazed at his noble countenance, half buried in black locks of curling hair, they whispered, 'twas a pity one so young and fair should perish so untimely,' and the women wept, and said, 'Heaven help his poor wife to bear the dreadful tidings.' For many months, when the storm raged, did the people talk of the fine young sailor that lay buried in the village grave-yard.

\* \* \* \* \*

About two miles from Gosport, (England,) stands a picturesque village, embosomed in trees; but presenting in front a fine view of Portsmouth harbor. In the distance rises the dim outline of the venerable castle of Porchester, while up and down the channel scores of noble ships sit like swans upon the water, ready to do good service at their country's call. On the other hand rise the vast buildings of the Navy yard, and farther off still is the embattled town of Portsmouth, with the grey old tower of St. Thomas's Church, peering high over all beside—looking like the presiding guardian of the town.

Commanding this view stood a cottage, a pretty cottage with a thatched roof; and ornamented in front with a tasty garden, well stocked with humble flowers. Within dwelt an aged lady—her daughter, a matronly young woman of twenty-five, and a chubby little boy scarcely a twelvemonth old

'Why are you so gloomy, Maria?' said the old lady to her daughter, who sat lean-

ing over the table in a musing attitude.

'I am thinking, mother, it is time for James to return. It is eighteen weeks since he left us and what is very, very strange he has not written to me at all.'

'Don't be discouraged, child. He may be here to day,' replied the elderly matron, though her tone of voice gave evidence that she had some misgivings in her own mind.

'I hope it may be so. But, oh! my mother, if he should be drowned!' and the young wife gave vent to the fulness of her heart in a flood of tears.

That same afternoon, a boat was seen slowly sailing up the harbor to the cottage at Hardway. The quick eye of the wife detected the persons of two sailors, who, she knew, formed a part of her husband's crew. With a face of ashy paleness, she drew back from the window and sinking into a chair, exclaimed; 'There come two of his crew but not my husband!'

Two sailors entered the house, and seating themselves, maintained for some time a painful, awkward silence. Suppressing the tide of feeling within, by an energetic effort, Mrs Stevens broke this ominous silence by saying, with a voice tremulous with emotion 'Fear not to speak! I am prepared to hear the worst. Tell me where is my husband!'

The men looked at each other, their eyes filled with tears, and remained silent. 'Ah!' continued she, 'I read it in your looks.—My husband is lost!'

'Indeed, ma'am, we could not save him. We bore him through the dashing foam and laid him on the sand, but before daylight he died,' said one of the sailors.

'Where?' cried the wife in a voice so shrill, it started even the hardy seamen before her.

'On the coast, near Boston. In a terrible storm last November, we went ashore in the night. All went down but Mr Stevens and ourselves. Poor fellow! he was worn out, and before daylight, he anchored in eternity.'

'What did ye with his body?'

'We buried it like a christian's, in the

village grave-yard. It almost broke our hearts, to see how the people wept when we buried him!

'God bless them for their kindness!' said the distressed widow through her tears. 'But was James sensible when he died?'

'Yes ma'am, until the fatal sleep came over him, and then he neither moved nor spoke. He went off as quiet as a baby goes to sleep.'

'What did he say before he slept?'

'He did not say much, but he told us to tell you not to despond, for God would take care of you and your child; and he begged us to take a lock of his hair, and give you, if ever we got home, and then his lips moved as if he prayed, and he went to sleep.'

The feelings of the widow at this distressing intelligence, beggars description. It would be only mocking her grief to attempt to describe it. Hers was not the violent sorrow, that sweeps over the heart like a whirlwind and departs; it was the deep gnawing grief that fastens on the feelings and gnaws the life of the sufferer away.

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Three months after this scene, a woman in widow's weeds landed from the stage at the hotel in —. She inquired for the village grave-yard—for the grave of the shipwrecked sailor: and over that holy spot she went to weep. Every day for nearly four months she visited it and watered the flowers she planted, with her tears. Who she was, she would not tell, and none dared too rudely to invade the sanctuary of sorrow. Soon, a grave-stone rose at the head of the grave. It bore this inscription: 'Sacred to the Memory of James Stevens, a shipwrecked sailor. Erected by his widow!' Here then, the mystery was solved. It was the *sailor's widow*, who had crossed the ocean to pay the tribute of love at her husband's grave! It was a beautiful instance of woman's constancy.

She returned to her cottage home by the water side. Her widow's weeds she

never relinquished, for she could not forget her husband.

Reader! there is more of truth than fiction in this simple sketch; and many a sigh is yet heaved by the strolling villager at —, as his eye rests on the sailor's grave, and he remembers the love of the *Sailor's Widow*.

*Lowell, April, 1842.*

From the Boston Miscellany.

#### THE FORLORN.

THE night is dark, the stinging sleet,  
Swept by the bitter gusts of air,  
Drives whistling down the lonely street  
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare, and struggle dim  
Thro' the white sleet-clouds, as they pass  
Or governed by a boisterous whim  
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl  
Faces the east wind's searching flaws,  
And, as about her heart they whirl,  
Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,  
Her bare feet to the sidewalk freeze,  
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,  
Though faint with hunger and disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,  
And piercing through her garments thin,  
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there  
Makes colder the cold heart within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow  
Streams outward through an open shutter,  
Giving more bitterness to woe,  
More loneliness to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt  
Until she saw this gush of light,  
Spread warmly forth and seem to melt  
Its slow way through the solid night.

She hears a woman's voice within,  
Singing sweet words her childhood knew  
And years of misery and sin  
Furl off and leave her heaven blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who sinks  
Outwearied in the drifting snow,  
Drowns to deadly sleep and thinks  
No longer of its hopeless woe.

Old fields and clear blue summer days,  
 Old meadows green with grass and trees,  
 That shimmer through the rising haze,  
 And whiten in the western breeze,—

Old faces— all the friendly past  
 Rises within her heart again,  
 And sunshine from her childhood cast  
 Puts spring-time in the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm light,  
 From all Humanity apart,  
 She hears no more the winter's night  
 Sob madly to its freezing heart.

Outside the porch, before the door,  
 Her cheek upon the cold hard stone,  
 She lies, no longer foul and poor,  
 No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning something heavily  
 Against the opening door did weigh,  
 And there, from sin and sorrow free,  
 A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told  
 That she had found a calm release,  
 And that from out the want and cold  
 The song had borne her soul in peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts out  
 Straightway the heart of God takes in  
 And fences them all round about  
 With silence 'mid the world's loud din ;

And one of His great charities  
 Is music, and it doth not scorn  
 To smooth the lids upon the eyes  
 Of the polluted and forlorn ;

Far was she from her childhood's home,  
 Farther in sin had wandered thence,  
 Yet thither it had bid her come  
 To die in maiden innocence.

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EDUCATION. The education of the present race of females is not very favorable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character, not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection,

trains to self-denials, and more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes and passions to the love and fear of God.

A certain class do not esteem things by their use, but by their show. They estimate the value of their children's education by the money it costs, and not by the knowledge and goodness it bestows. People of this stamp often take a pride in the expenses of learning instead of taking pleasure in the advantages of it.—*Hannah More.*

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Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

There is a place to me most dear,  
 Though there, I drop the bitter tear,  
 Yet, I would ever linger near  
 My Mother's Grave.

When all around is dark and drear—  
 And friends pass by me with a jeer—  
 'Tis then I seek to linger near  
 My Mother's Grave.

While evening zephyrs fan my cheek  
 I fancy I can hear her speak—  
 The air with music seems replete  
 Round my Mother's Grave.

The gentle whispers seem to say—  
 'From that dark world, O come away,  
 And dwell with me in glorious day,  
 Beyond the Grave.'

That spirit-form I soon shall see,  
 For I from earth shall soon be free—  
 Already I begin to be  
 Consumption's prey.

When I am dead—with earthly gear  
 O do not decorate my bier—  
 But lay, O lay me *very near*  
 My Mother's Grave.

D.

*Lowell, April 5, 1842.*

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HUMAN JOY. The pine-apple always ripens between two thistles; but our thorny present ripens between two pine apples—Memory and Hope.—*Knickerbocker.*



Original.

## THE EXHUMATION.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the inhabitants of the interior of our Commonwealth are acquainted with the source, character, and termination of 'Miller's River.' It is a restless, dark, serpentine stream, which winds its way among rocks and hills—through swamps and forests until it empties into the Connecticut in the town of M—. Here, fourteen years since, lived a Mr. D—, on a point of land which was washed on one side by Miller's, and on the other by the Connecticut River. He was a man of great energy and business tact; liberal and generous—kind-hearted and full of affection, particularly for his family. He had several daughters who were healthy, intelligent, virtuous—handsome; HELEN, especially, was a lovely girl. Her sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips might have been taken as so many pledges of long life, happy days, and unfading beauty. Indeed, so gay, so beauteous was the blooming flower amid the balmy influences of summer days that no one thought of the possibility of the freezing blast or fatal frost. But neither the freshness, nor beauty, nor fragrance of the rose, even in smiling summer hours, is a sure safeguard. The wild winds sweep furiously along, leaving a chill on the atmosphere, and the brightest flowers fade, and droop, and die; and an insupportable gloom, settles like a pall over all the landscape!

So it was with Helen D—. She started the journey of life buoyant with hope, and confident in the expectation of seeing many, many happy days. The serene heavens smiled upon all her prospects. She walked forth a joyous girl, the fairest of the fair. Her sun of life rose in golden grandeur, and shed its radiance on all her pathway: but that sun went down at noon: it set amid the dark, dismal clouds of unlooked-for adversity.

In the winter of 18—, Ellen was arrested in her career by the hand of disease, and very suddenly made her exit to the

'spirit land;' so suddenly, indeed, that the event seemed scarcely a reality. How could it be that the lovely, affectionate Helen should be numbered among the dead! Was it a mere melancholy dream?—the flitting phantom which afflicts but for a moment? Nay, verily; and the whelming wave of grief in the circle of surviving friends responded, *nay*; and the pang of sorrow which swelled a hundred bosoms proclaimed that it was even so; that Helen D— was gone down the deep gloomy vale of Death, and was lost in the swellings of the dark river! Poor Helen! Thy days were quickly numbered, and in one short hour the radiant star of thy hopes was lost in the shades of the tomb! We can only follow thee to thy undesired—thy 'lonely retreat,' and sing as we turn to depart,

'Peaceful, be thy silent slumber;  
Peaceful, in the grave so low.'

But we sing in vain; for the mortal remains of Helen D— were not permitted to hold the 'peaceful' possession of their home. The professional Jackall scented her path to the grave, and resolved on her speedy exhumation; reserving, of course, the howl of triumph until it could only be heard in the Lecture Room of the Medical Institution in P—. The 'burying-place,' where Helen was interred was situated on a pine plain, and at a considerable distance from any house; hence disinterments could be made with greater facility. But, who ever thought of a resurrection in such a manner, and in *that* place? No one, probably; and still, on reflection, it appears just such a place as would be selected for the perpetration of such unnatural deeds. The friends of Helen D— however, dreamed of no such occurrence; nor is it likely they would ever have known of the robbery of her grave had not her shroud been accidentally found in the snow, a few days after her burial. On finding this habiliment, her grave and coffin were opened, and lo! as they expected, the body of Helen was not there!

I need not say that this was an affliction to living friends almost commensurate

with Helen's demise; for most of my readers will, no doubt, suppose such to be the fact. True, some in their hardihood attempt to affirm that the consideration of what becomes of the *bodies* of our friends after death, is wholly unimportant; but few, however, can receive this doctrine. Most persons start at the idea with instinctive horror: and why should they not? Who that is a parent wishes the lifeless body of his child, be it son or daughter, cut and mangled by scientific rules and anatomic art? Unfeeling must be the heart that will not respond negatively to the question. Surviving friends have tears to weep for those they have consigned to the cold earth; and when they visit the grave of father, mother, wife, husband, child, brother, sister, or lover, they wish not to feel the chilling consciousness that they are pouring out their grief upon a tenantless grave! No, no. It relieves the emotion of sorrow to know that the dust of our friend is safely treasured beneath the mound on which we kneel.

In a few days after the discovery of Helen's shroud, certain circumstances warranted her almost distracted father in believing that the body of his daughter had been conveyed to the Medical Institution in P—, and thither he went, well nigh insane with distress of mind and indignation against the perpetrators of so unkind a deed. He commenced his inquiries with caution, and shortly became satisfied that the body of his Helen was there; but then *how* to obtain it was a question of difficult solution; but Providence seconded his endeavors, and he pressed his measures so far and so thoroughly, that the guilty students in the institution were identified and became alarmed, and rather than risk the issue of a prosecution, negotiated with Mr D— to deliver up the body of his child, and convey it back to the town from whence they had taken it in the character of scientific *thieves*. The prospect of recovering the body of his daughter calmed the troubled elements of his soul, and Mr D— returned to his family, chastened in his feelings, yet re-

joiced at the successful termination of his singular mission.

The body of poor Helen was once more placed in her father's house, and in the coffin from which it had been taken. But how changed! Death had held dominion over her three weeks! She had been unceremoniously dragged from the sacred rest of the grave—treated with indignity, and locked up in a medical slaughter-house, and finally returned to the place of her childhood, for reinterment. A second funeral was appointed; her relatives were once more assembled; the minister of God was once more in attendance to offer prayer on a solemn, yet novel occasion; and hundreds of people gathered together from different towns and neighborhoods to witness the second commitment of Helen D— to the grave! It was a mournful and singular time; the image and transactions of which can never be erased from the tablet of my memory, for I witnessed the melancholy scene.

The day passed by; and as the evening shades gathered and deepened, the parents and sisters of Helen could again say of their departed child and sister,

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Let them mingle, for they must.'

From that time Helen has slept in safety—in peace—in silence! Many winters and summers have since passed away, and I frequently have passed the place of her exhumation, reinterment, and repose; but it has always been with mingled and solemn emotions. Death, too, has since laid his resistless hand on Helen's father, and now he slumbers in the same earthy bed by her side:—where may they repose in quietude until the general resurrection of all the human dead!

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Two hundred thousand females are out of employment in Canada. The Montreal Times says: 'If we had Lowell in this Province, it would benefit the country more than sixty thousand regulars.'

Original.

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

(Illustrated Article.)

BY MISS C. L. NORTH.

Golden Apple! tempting fruit!  
Much hast thou of mischief wrought,  
Although so very fair—  
Trojan plains a tale could tell  
When their pride and glory fell:  
An apple caused the war.

Fell Discordia the fruit  
Unto Thetis' nuptials sent,  
Inscribed 'to the most fair.'  
Then the goddesses began  
Strife, imparting strife to man,  
That wrapped old Troy in fire.

Golden apple! thou hast strewn  
Ills more dire than states o'erthrown—  
O, shame to human kind.  
Man should press thy glowing cheek,  
Venom from its juices seek  
To prey on human mind!

Golden fruit in days of yore  
When Hesperian gardens bore,  
A bridal gift to Jove,  
It was deemed sufficient lure,  
Toils Herculean to secure,  
Herculean dangers brave.

Orient art a basket wove,  
For the luscious fruit, and strove  
With Nature's self to vie;  
Golden hues appeared between  
Leaves and flowers of silvery sheen,  
Glad contrast to the eye.

Grateful as the sultry heat  
Makes the most delicious fruit  
E'er found in tropic clime,  
Borne in silver basket wrought  
With unequalled taste and art,  
Are words in their right time.

Kind reproof and mild advice,  
Or persuasion may entice  
With whispered accents meek—  
Hear this precept quaint and olden,  
'See thou that thy words be golden,  
Then choose thy time to speak.'

From the Knickerbocker.

EPIGRAM ON A LAZY FELLOW.

If 'keeping Sabbaths' saves the soul,  
This man's must go to heaven;  
Not satisfied with one a week,  
He hallows all the seven.

Records of Women.

Original.

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

Who has not heard of Palmyra, the city of the desert? And who, that has read of its ruined splendor, that sparkles in solitary grandeur, 'like an enchanted island in the midst of an ocean of sands,' has not heaved a sigh to the memory of Zenobia, its proud and beautiful, but unfortunate queen.

Palmyra was colonized by the merchants who traversed the deserts between India and Europe; they desired the convenience of a resting place in the midst of their tedious journeys, and at their wish Palmyra reared its beautiful temples, on those plains of sand. The inhabitants were a mixed race—Egyptians, Persians, Grecians and Arabs here found a common home.

Zenobia was the daughter of an Arab chief. Left a widow at an early age, she married a second time. Her husband, the proud chief of several tribes, was named Odenathus. Brave, bold, and successful, he conquered the Persians, and was called Augustus, for his valor, by the Romans. He was assassinated and Zenobia assumed his diadem.

In person, this princess is described as 'eminently beautiful—with oriental eyes and complexion, teeth like pearls, and a voice of uncommon power and sweetness.' Equally did she excel in intellectual accomplishments. In Greek and Latin literature, she was learned, and it is said that the elegant Longinus composed his celebrated treatise on the sublime, for her use.

She was extremely fond of splendor—it was a failing attributable to her excessive vanity. She wore the richest and most splendid apparel; and used cups of gold, adorned with the richest gems at her table.

Her most remarkable trait, however, was her masculine courage and tact for war. Once she defeated a Roman army in a pitched battle; she subdued and add-



ed Egypt to her dominions; and consolidated an empire that reached from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. Syria, with the celebrated cities of Damascus, Jerusalem and Antioch, owned her sway; and those stupendous remains found in the deserts by modern travelers are only wrecks of the magnificent fabrics erected by this warrior queen.

At last, a foe more than equal to her abilities, entered the field. The fierce Aurelian had gained the purple at Rome. He defeated her army at Antioch. She retreated to Emessa—defied him and was again defeated. She retired to Palmyra, and resolved to defend her capitol or perish.

Here she defied the skill and tact of Aurelian. 'Those,' wrote that prince, 'who speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman, are ignorant both of the character and power of Zenobia.' Worn out by her persevering defence, he offered her honorable terms of capitulation. She sternly rejected them, and defying his utmost effort, declared she would die defending her city. Incensed by her reply, the Roman redoubled his efforts. Palmyra is reduced to extremities. The Queen's courage is damped. She flies—is pursued—overtaken—and brought a captive to the tent of Aurelian. 'Why dared you oppose the power of Rome?' fiercely demanded her conqueror.

'Because I disdain to acknowledge as masters such men as Aurelius and Gallienus. To Aurelian I submit as my Sovereign!'

This well-turned compliment to the prince, softened the violence of his wrath, but his troops, exasperated by her long defence, surrounded the royal pavilion and tumultuously demanded vengeance. The queen, fearful for her life, fell at the conqueror's feet, implored his mercy and basely charged her past obstinacy upon Longinus and her counsellors.

Longinus and her other counsellors were immediately sacrificed. Palmyra surrendered and all its treasures fell into the hands of Aurelian. He then returned to-

wards Rome, carrying Zenobia in his train to grace his triumph.

Scarcely had he reached the Hellespont, before tidings were brought to him that Palmyra had revolted, and that the Roman garrison were murdered. He returned by forced marches. Attacked, conquered and sacked the city, demolished its magnificent edifices and levelled its walls; and, what was far more unworthy of him, put all the inhabitants to the sword. Henceforth, Palmyra became a forsaken place, unknown to after ages, until the researches of modern travelers discovered its remains, stupendous even in their desolation.

Pompous and magnificent was the *entree* of Aurelian into Rome. Wild beasts, gladiators, prisoners, gold, silver, gems, princely raiment, and every species of ornamental grandeur were there exhibited. But chief in that gorgeous procession, was the beautiful and majestic figure of Zenobia who walked 'before her own sumptuous chariot, blazing with jewels, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her delicate form drooping under the weight of her golden fetters, which were so heavy that two slaves were obliged to assist in supporting them on either side.' While the Roman people shouted at her misfortune and reviled her with the most insulting epithets. Poor Zenobia! What a melancholy instance she affords of the instability of human greatness! How much happier is an American cottage girl on her own free mountains, or the dweller in the city of spindles, than was this desolate queen!

On the subsequent fall of Zenobia, rests a cloud of deep uncertainty. Whether she starved herself to death out of chagrin at her loss, or whether she married a Roman senator and died in a ripe old age, as some assert, cannot now be determined. One thing is however certain; that her peace was ruined by a blind ambition. She stands one among innumerable beacons, upon the pages of past history, warning her descendants from the vain hope of finding happiness in ambitious pursuits.



Original.

MIRIAM.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MIRIAM AND HER  
MOTHER AFTER THE FINDING OF MOSES.

*Mother.*

Why hast thou come so soon again to me,  
Hath love grown weary of her vigils lone?

*Miriam.*

Mother, I bring thee tidings of thy child.

*Mother.*

Be mine that aid which only Heav'n can give,  
To bear with calmness what thy lips announce,  
My beautiful, my own; on things like these  
We cast our love in wild idolatry;  
'T is vain devotedness,—Ay, they that stay  
The heart's deep love and trust on aught of  
earth  
Must wake from many a dream to misery.

*Miriam.*

Hush this wild bitterness of grief, and hear.

*Mother.*

I cannot hear, that the light voice is hushed,  
Which floats like long forgotten music back  
On my sad, weary heart. Has the dark Nile  
Borne down the osier cradle 'neath the tide  
To a deep, voiceless tomb. My child! my  
child!

Where art thou? Where is what bless'd my  
soul

In thy soft beaming eyes of gentleness.  
In the dark grave I will lie down with thee  
If thou art gone. Better the fresh, green earth  
Be o'er this throbbing brow, than to live on  
In a cold faded world, and wear the guise  
Of joy when the heart is a burial-urn.

*Miriam.*

My brother lives, and a high destiny  
Awaits him, in a monarch's palace halls.

*Mother.*

Father, I knew thou would'st not now forsake,  
And praise be given for this deliverance,  
Though these dark hours of agony have proved  
A broken reed is earth; we need the stay  
Of faith, which bound upon the altar shrine  
The pure and holy, when the Patriarch's hand  
Was stay'd by angel voice in the high cloud.  
But thou art mine, my blest, my gentle child—  
But Miriam, I will still my joy, and hear.

*Miriam.*

Why dost thou weep, my Mother; is thy heart  
So delicately fashioned, that e'en joy  
Hath power to waken its deep well-springs  
now?

*Mother.*

Even so, my gentle Miriam, but tell me now  
Of all thy weary watching by that bark;  
The casket wherein all our fondest hopes  
Were centred in one cherish'd priceless gem.

*Miriam.*

My brother slept within the tiny ark  
As when rock'd gently, on thy faithful heart.  
I walked, suspending e'en my breath, in dread  
Of dark-browed men who looked on fearfully.  
But silently they passed. It floated on  
'Mid the blue lotus-flowers that fringed the  
bank.

And the papyrus waved its plume-like crest  
While the bright ring-dove laved its brilliant  
wing  
Casting a dim and silvery shadow down  
On the large water-lilies floating there,  
When the sun's noontide blaze was o'er my  
head

I sank in weariness upon the sand:  
And the skiff stopped amid the tangled reeds.  
A sound of music rose above the wave  
That chilled my blood with horror; 't was a  
chant  
Of their vain idol-worship, and they came  
Even to the river's brink, rustling the leaves  
Of the tall palm which sheltered me from view.

*Mother.*

And did'st thou leave him in that fearful hour,  
Nor heed the light of his mild, loving eye,  
To draw thee back and save thee from their  
rage.

*Miriam.*

Leave him, O no, in agony I raised  
A passionate, wild prayer to heaven, then  
They turned away, and the light skiff sailed on.  
Borne on the murmuring water like a leaf  
On zephyr's wing, till the dim night came on  
Still, solemn, noly night with beaming stars  
And gentle melody of spirit-voices  
Low and musical in their reed-like tones.  
When twilight came, again its course was  
stayed  
Where pebbles gleamed like bedded gems in  
gold.

I rested in a cool, green, shadowy dell  
Where the stream chimed upon a mossy rock  
That like an altar rose, with light festoons,  
O'erarching it.

The bright anemone

Beamed with its quivering urn of colored light,  
And the pale, starry passion flower was there  
Whose pencillings seem of the land of dreams.  
Such voices echoed through the aspen boughs

And as I looked between the trembling leaves,  
I saw the bright and peerless one, Themistries.

*Mother.*

What, the royal princess who ever moves  
Like a pure angel spirit, in the halls  
Which Pharaoh's iron soul hath made dark  
With cruelty, and stern oppression's voice ?

*Miriam.*

It was Themistries, that I looked upon,  
O, she is beautiful as dream of Heaven ;  
A lofty brow that shades an eye of light  
Beaming with gentleness and love to all.

*Mother.*

Didst thou not fear that when she saw the child  
She would obey her father's mandate dread ?

*Miriam.*

Nay, for she could not quench the light that  
dwelt

In those meek, dove-like eyes, or pass it by  
Unheeded. Too much there seemed of kind-  
ness.

And when its low soft moaning reached her  
ear

She hushed her maidens and raised the tiny  
ark

To look upon a face so beautiful.

A tear was in his eye : the little hand  
Was raised imploringly, and as she gazed  
Upon such loveliness her prayer arose :  
'God of the Nile, if thou hast sent the child,  
Some token give.'

A rustling sound went by :

The raven plumage of their holy bird  
Just glanced before her eagle eye, and van-  
ished.

A hushed stillness came on all, then her voice  
Rose in its clear, rich tones in words of prayer.  
'God of the lordly Nile, Osiris, hear,  
Henceforth I cherish this fair one, with all  
A mother's tenderness. Thy blessing grant,  
The wreath of glory circle his young brow  
His name reach far as eagle-pinions soar,  
And all earth's choicest, brightest gifts be his.'

*Mother.*

O, I will ask a holier gift than these,  
That far beyond the burning dream of fame  
His soul may live, when wreath and diadem  
Have perished with their glorious wearers  
proud.

But rather should his spirit pass away  
In all its youthful brightness, than its truth  
Be sullied by the vice of monarch's court.

*Miriam.*

He is still thine, the princess sent me here  
To seek one who will cherish the young child

For in the gilded pageantry of court  
She is the worshipped one, the brightest star  
Where all is brightness ; and it may not be  
That she watch o'er him with a mother's care.

*Mother.*

I will repay the Savior of my child,  
With words which to her longing soul shall be  
Even as dew to flowers. High knowledge  
Of our holy faith, and spiritual things  
Shall draw her from the bright world's airy  
train,

Where she has moved the idol, and the loved,  
To pure heart worship of the living God.

*Miriam.*

Come haste with me. The princess waits thee  
now,

She takes my brother to her halls of pride  
Where wealth shall fall around in gem-like  
showers.

Making his fair home starry with diamonds :  
May he not be that high and chosen one,  
Our nation's great deliverer promised long.  
'Tis no illusive dream, or why the hand  
Of Providence, lead him into the place  
Where our oppressor sits in stately power.  
Come now, and let not word, nor look of love  
Say to the train thou art his mother dear.

*Mother.*

I go, and be thy high devotedness  
Repaid by all that earth and heaven can give,  
My blessed girl, my gentle MIRIAM.

MARY THEODORA.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

#### THE LILY'S LOVE.—A FABLE.

Suggested on reading the Poem of 'The Star  
and Lily.'

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. AMES.

Through the depths of a secluded and  
beautiful valley there ran, in ancient times,  
a broad blue stream, clear as crystal, and  
shining as the fabled mirror in the Hall of  
the Fairies.

Among the flowers ('for which the poet  
hath no name,') that grew on the green  
borders of that stream, there stood apart  
from the others, and the fairest of the fair,  
a snow white lily. Nor far from her, clad  
in a splendid robe, that made him the ad-  
miration of all flowers, there dwelt a tall  
handsome Tulip ; while, 'neath a leafy

bower, in the midst, the Angel of the flowers had taken up his abode.

Now the Angel loved all his blooming proteges, but the Tulip and Lily were his especial favorites. These it was his custom to visit every day.

So, early one fine summer morning, just as the sun was rising amid clouds of silver and rosy purple, and while yet the dew thick-gem'd the grass blades, the Angel took his way to the Tulip's dwelling.

After a long chat with him, the angel proceeded to visit the fair young Lily. Sure the Lily was not in general a sleepy thing, but on this eventful morning her long satin leaves were closely folded, her head drooped, and her pearly lids hung languid and heavily as though she had kept vigil.

The Angel was touched and grieved at this unlooked-for position in his best beloved child, and he began casting about in his mind for the cause. 'Ah!' said he at length, clearing his perplexed brow, 'I have it now. My poor Lily loves her neighbor the Tulip, and she is suffering concealment, like a worm to feed upon her (not damask, but) delicate cheek. The message I bring her this morning will gladden her young heart.'

So gently touching her with the tip of his pretty silver wand, he woke her and whispered in her ear the Tulip's pompous declaration of love.

Never a look or word returned the Lily: but she grew paler than ever, and bowed her slender head lower over the stream that reflected her image.

'Why answerest thou not?' asked the Angel: 'the Tulip is a lively sweet spoken gentleman—he will love thee better than all the flowers; he will cherish thee ever, and shield thy form from the stormy tide, the wind and the cloudy weather. Speak, silent one; dost thou prefer his suit?'

Moved by a strong and sudden impulse, the timid Lily modestly but faintly replied. 'Gracious guardian, the gay and stately Tulip would soon weary of a companion like myself; and though he now honors

the poor Lily with fine compliments and flattering professions, it would not be long before he would forsake her for a more beautiful love. It is not well to trust to a fickle, fleeting disposition. I have seen the red rose and the brilliant poppy, the humble violet and lowly mignonette alike made glad by the Tulip's changeable smile. And would he be true to the pallid flower, that bends o'er the tranquil stream? O no, the lonely hour and the desolate heart would be the deserted Lily's portion! Dear indulgent guardian—I pray thee let me remain as I am.'

A change came over the spirit of the Angel's dream. 'Dost thou love another,' he inquired: 'tell me the whole truth, fair Lily: where doth he abide?'

'If thou wilt come again at twilight,' faltered the Lily, 'I will show thee his home.'

Alas for the Lily! She had gazed on the glorious Star that rose each twilight over the still water, till a subtle pleasure unknown before entered her inmost soul, and pervaded her whole being, till she dreamed of an existence spiritual and lovely as its own, far removed from this dull earth and its common cares. The face of nature was no longer fair to her, as in days of old: the gushing music of the streamlet had no more a charm for her ear; and the fragrance that breathed from leaf and flower, after the warm summer rain, wafted no perfume to her. It was the bright beauty of that Star which alone constituted her world, and she gazed until she dreamed and believed that he would indeed stoop from his high estate to look lovingly on her.

The sun had set 'neath a diadem of burning gold—the sky was now one deep flush of purple with here and there a violet tinted cloud reposing in delicate beauty. One single star, large, lustrous and serene, like a gem of price on the brow of the beautiful, rested on its high throne. The Angel stood at the Lily's side. 'And now, for thy lover, sweet Lily.'

The Lily lifted her meek blue eyes to the deepening Heaven; and with tremu-



lous finger, pointed to the Star whose soft silvery rays shone so wooingly on her lovely face.

Slowly the Angel turned his lifted eye from the Star, downward to the Lily.—‘Unthinking child,’ he sorrowfully said: ‘the glittering shrine at which thou kneelest is higher than thou canst reach. Alas for thy simplicity! Thou knowest not that a star can be as heartless and inconsistent as a Tulip or a *Mar*. There is not a leaflet on the tree-top, not a drop of evening dew, not a golden sand sparkling on the sea shore, nor a pearl gleaming in the deep waters, but hath felt the magic influence of his faithless beams! Wait then till the stormy cloud and the driving rain shall come—till the smooth stream is ruffled, and thy frail frame is shaken by the rude night-blast. O, then, fair Lily, he will not come from his far home in the sky to shield and save thee.’

Alas! for the too confiding Lily! She heard not the warning.

When, suddenly the black cloud arose, when the tempest raged, and the wave rose high, she lifted her soft eyes, in the beautiful security of trusting love, to the Star. But she looked in vain—his glorious light was shrouded from her presence, and washed by the whelming billow, she sank ‘neath the stormy tide! and the Tulip—he flirted as usual, with every pretty flower, and the Star—he rose the next eve to warm with faithless beams, another believing Lily!

#### THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. J. E. LOCKE.

To make idols, and find them clay,  
And to bewail that worship; therefore pray.

MRS. HEMANS.

Ah, why do ye deck the maiden there  
With the rosy wreath in her flowing hair?  
And why do ye place on her lily hand  
The sparkling gem and the golden band?  
Or why the thin robe so gracefully thrown  
O’er the rounded bust and the slender zone  
With its vestal folds, made close and sure  
By the ocean-pearl and the diamond pure?  
And why on her lip is the smile of pride?  
Ay, dressed for the altar:—a Bride—a Bride.

Woe for thee, maiden; thine heart in thine hand,

A gift, in witness this joyous band,—

A priceless gift, come weal or come wo,

Thou ne’er may’st recall,—no, never—ah, no!

Alas! it were well for thy trusting heart.

That this dream of thine might never depart.

That thou from this vision might never awake,

Or its tender spell no melody break,

But change is engraven on human things,

From the heart to the toys whereto it clings:

Thus there may come o’er thy young love’s light

A withering change, on thy heart a blight,

When thou, to him who presides o’er thy lot,

May seem as the things that were and are not,

When thy smile, thy tear, no longer may move,

Thy voice breathe no music, its tones no love,

The business world between thee and thine own

Press rudely its cares, usurping the throne

Where thou in thy love sat’st regal,—a Queen,

Worshipped too fondly, eclipsed by no sheen.

Yea, the spell may break, the charm fade away

And thou wail in secret thy bridal day!

Then chasten thine heart, breathe thy vow with care;

With thy promises mingle the fervent prayer;

Let thy tenderest hopes to thy God be given

And thy choicest worship be raised to heaven.

Original.

#### THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

BY REV. W. H. BREWSTER.

‘Happiness has been defined by a beautiful writer, the gratification of desire and certain it is, that while strong, unsatisfied desire reigns in the mind, happiness is a stranger to the heart. And it is equally true, that all the efforts of men, are made to gratify some controlling desire, some longing wish of the mind; and in attaining that object, they would attain happiness, if other desires were not still unsatisfied. One longs for wealth, another for fame and distinction, while others, like the brute, live only to eat and drink.

‘Some place the bliss in action, some in ease, Those call it pleasure, and contentment these, While in the view of others—

‘Tis twin’d with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,

Or reaped in iron harvests of the field.’

If the above definition be correct, the bliss of heaven consists in the complete and constant gratification of all the craving desires of the immortal soul; the filling every inlet with a stream of felicity.

Man's social nature is to be gratified. His Maker formed him for society, and spake from a knowledge of his nature, when he said: 'It is not good that man should be alone.' Hence he claims and seeks reciprocal pleasures, and tastes—though often with a vicious appetite—the sweets of social life.

The cup of pleasure loses more than half its sweetness when drank in loneliness. And sorrow is almost transmuted into joy, by the presence, association of friends. Their presence turns a prison into a palace, while their absence changes a palace to a gloomy prison.

'With them conversing, we forget all time,  
All seasons, and their change; all please alike;  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends,  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun,

\* \* ——— nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers,

Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,  
Nor walk by noon,  
Nor glittering starlight, without *them* is sweet.'

In heaven, this strong principle of our nature is to be fully gratified: Though the relations established on earth are dissolved by the touch of death, the recollection of them need not therefore cease. And these pleasing recollections, will form the basis of still more pleasing associations. Hence, Paul spoke of his converts being his crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus; which evidently implies a recognition of them in that approaching glorious day.

On those high and flowery plains of light and glory, the long separated pastor and his faithful flock, will meet—meet no more to part—meet to renew the friendly associations commenced on earth, which shall now ripen in heaven, amid the purity and glory of that

'World of spirits bright.'

And though he is no longer pastor, nor

they the flock of his care, yet, the recollection that he broke to them the bread of life in this lower world—that he first pointed them to the Lamb of God, whose glories they now behold with open face; that through his advice they have reached that blessed world,—will make him, even there, a loved and chosen companion.

But after all these pleasing recollections and fond associations, which are so many rivulets, emptying themselves into the full and satisfying stream of bliss which flow forth from the throne continually. The *peculiar* bliss of heaven does not consist in local circumstances. It is not so much a *place* as a *state*; 'Not all the harps above, could make a heavenly place.' The sinner himself sinks into misery, not so much by a judicial stroke of God's justice, as by a necessity implanted in the nature of things, so likewise, the holy and the good, rise to a state of perfect, unmixed, unending bliss, as soon as freed from the ills, that have weighed down their spirits in this world

'The mind is its own place, and can of itself,  
Make a heaven of hell, or a hell of heaven.'

The bliss of heaven is purely spiritual. A bliss which spirits separated from the body, set free from bodily appetites, and holy Angels, who have stood before the throne of God, from the infancy of their being, absorbed in the contemplations of his glory and perfections, have drank from the first morn of their existence until now. Christ says, 'The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation, the kingdom of heaven is within you.' All the elements of heaven—all the essential bliss of that bright and blissful world, is within the sanctified and holy heart: for 'the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

If the reader has ever walked forth to contemplate God in his works; to 'consider the heavens the work of his hands; the moon and the stars which he has ordained,' while his mind has peopled every planet with intelligent beings, and made every star a sun to other worlds,—till overwhel-

med with a sense of God's greatness, and the immensity of his works, till, like David he has asked, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him;' and under a desponding sense of his insignificance, fearing God might overlook him, become unmindful of his tears as they shall fall unpitied to the earth, he has sunk under the gloomy apprehension, and imploringly begged to be remembered by his God, till Jehovah, in the deep communings of his spirit whispered to his chastened & humbled child: 'Can a mother forget her sucking child? Yes, she may, yet will I not forget thee—thy name is graven upon the palms of my hands.' Has he ever experienced this, and does the remembrance of that happy hour linger round his mind like a dream of heaven? Then let him take that experience as the best, and most perfect representation of heavenly joy he can possibly have.

I would not separate spiritual and intellectual delights. God, I doubt not, is even *there*, to be studied in his works. O how much more does Newton *now* know of gravitation, that mysterious law that holds the planetary world in order—that confines the blazing comet deviously driving through the sky within its appropriate and measured circle, than when on earth! And how much more than Newton will the weakest child of God, at some coming period in eternity know of God and his works.

'O happy hour, O blessed abode,  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And sense and sin no more control,  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.'

Original.

#### THE DEATH-BELL.

BY C. F. ORNE.

Oh, melancholy Bell,  
Ringing Hope's funeral knell!  
Thy sad and solemn tone  
Tells of a spirit gone.

Hush! for thy tolling slow  
Speaks in deep notes of wo,

Of hearts bowed down with grief,  
And earth brings no relief.

Soon will the silent mould  
Receive the pale form cold;  
Dust shall to dust return,  
Within the narrow urn.

Death! in thy solemn hour,  
There is a mighty power,  
Whose strong and fearful sway,  
Not soon shall pass away.

Dim shadows round us sweep,  
And mournful voices deep  
Call us to join their band  
Within the 'silent land.'

Children we love are there  
With waving golden hair;  
Infants like budding flowers  
Snatched in spring's sunny hours.

Manhood's undaunted mien,  
Woman's fair brow serene,  
Truth in its first warm glow,  
Age with its locks of snow.

All—while we sadly weep,  
Call us with voices deep,  
To join their shadowy band  
Within the 'silent land.'

But ah! with tearful eye,  
Faith upward looks on high,  
To Him who kindly gave,  
Who chastens but to save,

Feeble our mortal sight,  
Darkling we seek the light!  
Death dims the earthly ray  
To bring Celestial day.

*Cambridge Port, April, 1842.*

THE FAIREST CHRISTIAN. Think you that the soul of woman who suffers much, but looks up with unshaken confidence in God; who, though weeping and bleeding, ever seems the picture of joy before men; and is neither shaken nor darkened by the rough storms of life. Think you that she has anywhere her emblem? In the heavens there stands the rainbow. The clouds and the winds shake it not, but it is radiant in the sunlight, and its drops glitter as it reposes on the sky like the sparkling morning dew of a summer day.—*Knickerbocker*,



**BRINGING UP DAUGHTERS.** The disposition of some people in moderate temporal circumstances, to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments, is highly to be reprobated. For the notions they acquire by such a course, is in an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duty of their proper station; and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing but to be kept like wax-figures in a glass case. Wo be to the man who is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on their music, dancing and embroidery, were employed in the useful arts of making shirts and mending stockings, their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be increased four fold.

#### A MELODY.

BY N. MITCHELL, ESQ.

Thou great Supreme! who gavest birth  
To time, and all we know and see!  
Art not yon heavens, and this fair earth,  
Full of thy wonders and of thee?  
Who can view nature, wild or fair,  
Nor see thy glories mirrored there?

When morn unfolds her smiling face,  
And hills are revelling all in light,  
And woods burst forth in song, we trace  
Thy goodness in that full delight,  
Adoring earth, as in her prime,  
And blessing man in spite of crime.

The tempest on its wings of gloom,  
The rising ocean's hollow dash,  
The lowering cloud, from out whose room  
Mid rolling thunders, lightnings flash,  
Proclaim how awful is thy power,  
Who rul'st the terrors of that hour.

At daylight's close, when soft and still,  
The dew refreshes flower and tree,  
And sweetly smiles the gold-tipt hill,  
And man and beast from toil are free,  
And in her covert sighs the dove,  
That scenes of beauty speaks thy love.

The blue, eternal vault of night,  
The thousand rolling worlds on high,

That awe, yet charm the wondering sight,  
All emblem thy immensity.  
Who can view nature, wild or fair,  
Nor see thy glories mirrored there?

**POLITENESS.** Politeness does not consist in laying down your knife and fork in a particular manner, nor yet in scalding your mouth by drinking out of a cup, to avoid the indecorum of cooling your tea or coffee in a saucer. There is an anecdote of George the Fourth, which conveys a better idea of politeness, than all that Chesterfield has written. While his majesty was yet prince of Wales, he honored a tea table with his presence, where there happened to be some young ladies not deeply versed in the code of etiquette. These innocent creatures, in the simplicity of their hearts, never dreamed there was any dire enormity in pouring their tea into their saucers to cool; a titter ran around the table among the polite guests, but the prince observing it, and the occasion, to relieve the embarrassment of the young ladies, he poured his own tea into his saucer. This is what may be called real politeness.

From the Knickerbocker.

#### SONG,

*Over the cradle of two infant sisters sleeping.*

BY J. T. FIELDS.

Sweet be their rest! no ghastly things  
To scare their dreams assemble here,  
But safe beneath good angels' wings  
May each repose from year to year.

Cheerful, like some long summer day,  
May all their waking moments flow,  
Happier as run life's sands away,  
Unstained by sin, untouched by wo.

As now they sleep, serene and pure,  
Their little arms entwined in love,  
So may they live, obey, endure,  
And shine with yon bright host above.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We are much obliged to our correspondent, who sends us a copy of an old ballad, for her kindness, but must decline the article on account of its length.

'Logan', has ability, but not enough to obtain a place for his poetry in the Pearl.—'Mary' was received too late for the present number. She has our hearty thanks for her correspondence.

**WESLEY ON DRESS.** Mr. Wesley was a great admirer of plainness of dress, especially in women. Being invited to dine at a gentleman's house, there were two ladies belonging to the family who had dressed themselves in the most fashionable manner, to do honor, as they thought, to Mr. Wesley. While at dinner, he noticed the young ladies and their dress, and at the same time took particular notice of the servant-maid's dress who waited at the table, which was very plain. 'I cannot,' said he, 'but admire the dress of your servant; I think I have never seen a young woman so neatly dressed; of all that I have seen for some time, I admire it the most.' Thus the mother of the young ladies, as well as themselves stood reprov'd by Mr. Wesley's commendation of their servant's dress.

**PROFITS OF FEMALE LABOR IN MASSACHUSETTS.** The number of females in this State, engaged in the various manufactures of cotton, straw-plaiting, &c., has been estimated at forty thousand; and the annual value of their labor is, on an average \$100 each, or \$4,000,000 for the whole.—*Horace Mann.*

**WARTS.** These troublesome and often painful excrescences, covering the hands sometimes to the number of a hundred or two, may be destroyed by a simple, safe, and certain application. The writer discovered it accidentally, while performing some chemical experiments with soda.

The matter is merely to dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up—then wash the hands or warts with this for a minute or two, and allow them to dry without being wiped. This repeated two or three days, will gradually destroy the most irritable wart. Its theory appears to be, that of warts having a lower power of vitality than the skin, so that the alkali is sufficient to produce the disorganization of the former without affecting the latter. The warts never return.

**Book Notices.**

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.** By Mrs Jane Ermine Locke. Here is another book of poetry, printed in fine taste and handsomely got up. The author is a lady of this city. By the politeness of a friend, we obtained the loan of a copy just long enough to glance at its contents. We have copied one of the poems—the Bride, into our Magazine. The volume contains many very fine passages—some superior ones, and taken as a whole we pronounce it a readable book; which, in the present book-making age, is no small compliment to its fair author. We welcome her to a place among the female poets of America, and trust that the wish she expresses of having the volume read by her children's children may be more than realized. We forgot to say, that throughout the whole work, a vein of the purest sentiment flows un-mixed with those perturbed waters that too often mingle with the streams of Helicon. We recommend our readers to buy this book. Pp. 300. Otis, Broaders & Co., Boston.

**THE BANK OF FAITH.** This is the title of a quaint, spiritual book, written by that very eccentric genius, William Huntingdon, formerly of London. He was originally a coal-heaver but afterwards became a very popular clergyman. His chapel though immensely spacious was so crowded that pew holders were only admitted by presenting their tickets at the door. This book partakes of the character of its author, and excepting certain ultra Calvinistic tendencies, is a work that will please and benefit its readers. Published by P. D. & T. S. Edmands, Lowell, and for sale at the Merrimack Bookstore. 223 pp.—62½ cents.

**BOSTON MISCELLANY.** This is a periodical that every New England family should take. It has already attained a high standard of literary excellence. It is not a light, frothy production, but a solid, substantial and elegant work, worthy of extensive patronage and support. Its typography and mechanical execution are excellent, and its engravings superb.—\$3, per annum. Subscriptions received at the office of the 'Ladies' Pearl.'

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK.** This is a splendid production for young people, with writers of established reputation, unsurpassed mechanical execution, and engravings of the first order. It deserves universal patronage. \$2 per annum. Subscriptions received at this office.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM.** This charming monthly for the little boys and girls who love pleasant reading, is well worthy the large patronage it enjoys. No parent should fail of making it the companion of his children; it will make them intelligent, happy and good. \$1—to be had at this office.

**LITERARY HARVESTER.** A finely executed semi-monthly paper, with spirited and varied contents. Hartford, Conn. \$1.

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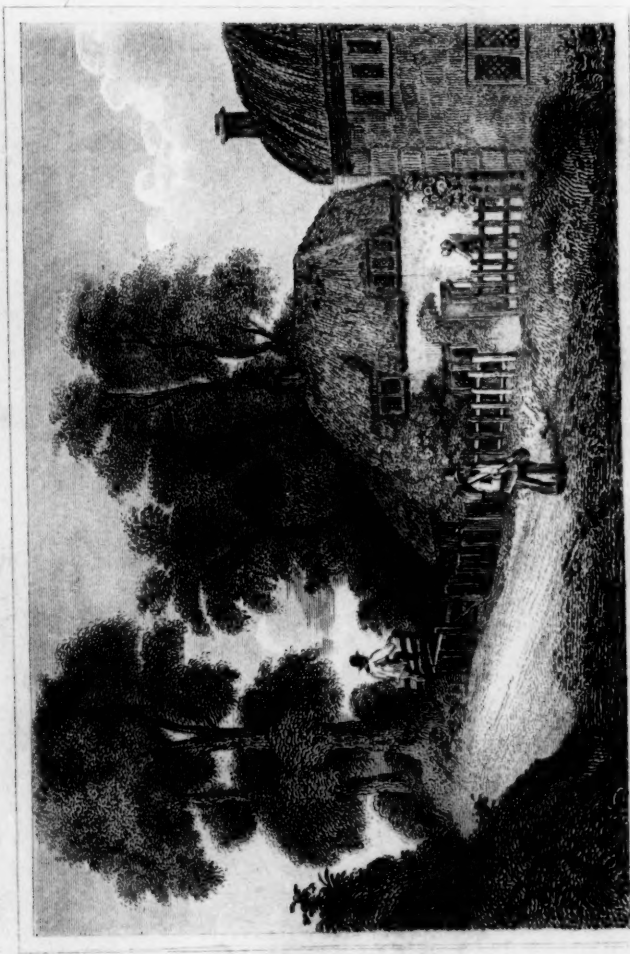
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JANE'S COTTAGE.

# LADIES' PEARL.

Original.

## THE EXCHANGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Have you heard the news?—that Mr. Thomas Talmadge has failed?' said Miss Cutts, hastily entering a neighbor's house, with a shawl over her head.

'You don't say so!'

'Yes—yes. Every thing is gone. They are just as poor as anybody now.'

'I always said it would be so. Now, he will be for taking the benefit of the Bankrupt Act, and living just as free as ever, and his poor creditors may go whistle for their pay. No matter about them.'

'But they say he has sold his house, and given up all the goods in his great store, and boasts that he'll pay every cent that he owes, and this afternoon he is going to sell all his wife's furniture at auction.'

'Why, she must be real angry at that. Was he necessitated to do it, do you suppose?'

'I can't exactly say, as to that. Likely, he'd be glad of a little money to put in his pocket, after his debts are paid, and so he sells his wife's things to get it.'

'That's it! I've no doubt. But come, let's go to this auction. Money, to be sure, is pretty scarce these hard times, but I guess I'll pick up a little, for I do so want to see the inside of that smart house.'

'Well, I'll call for you just at two o'clock. Be sure to be ready, for there'll be a crowd, I expect. I can't say but I should like to see how these grandees look, when they come down, to be as poor as other folks.'

With these benevolent intentions, the two ladies proceeded at the first ringing of the auction-bell, to the dwelling in ques-

tion. Quite a throng soon collected there—some, desirous to inspect a mansion, to which they had never before been able to gain admittance; others, resolved to purchase, provided they could get articles far below their real worth. In various recesses and corners of the ample house, there was much gossiping.

'Now, do tell if that Miss Tom Talmadge! Why, her gingham gown is not a bit better than mine, and her hair is just as plain as a pikestaff.'

'I raily supposed nothing but the silks and satins would answer her purpose.—Well, she has had her day. I always knew that topknots must come down.'

'I wonder how she'll relish trudging in the mud, like my darters. They are full as good as she, I reckon, though they have not been brought up to have a gay horse and gig, and driver too, at their beck.'

In the meantime, the fair, young creature, who was the subject of this discussion, with her calm brow, and more graceful in her plain, neat dress, than in the costliest array, was ready to render her aid, or reply to any interrogation that might facilitate the sale of their effects. Possibly, she was not prepared for all the rude remarks of selfish dealers, or for quite so minute an illustration of the graphic description of the wise monarch: 'It is naught—it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth.'

'I take it, that bed is under the usual weight, Mr. Auctioneer.'

It weighs forty-five pounds.'

'And the bolster and pillows, how much?'

'Nine and a half.'

'Then I'll warrant they're nothing but old feathers put into new ticks,' said a waddling old lady, who was, however, eager in bidding thirty-five cents a pound, thirty-five and a quarter, thirty-five and a half, and so on, until she conquered at thirty-nine and three-quarters, her competitors, and at a convenient time extolled the excellence of the article she had so studiously decried.

'The state of them Brussels carpets is a real shame,' said a busy personage, whose daughter, contemplating matrimony, was eyeing them with irrepressible desire.

'Miss Tom Tammadge never had a chick or child to wear out anything, and I'm sure they're despatch defaced. Look—look! (bending double and peering through her spectacles)—is not that an ile-spot? And them marble-topped tables are considerable out of fashion'—possessing herself of them, however, with an inward chuckle of delight.

A similar struggle went on, among persons of lighter purses, concerning the kitchen utensils.

'You can't in conscience ask much for that lot of worn-out tins, Mr. Auctioneer. They are scoured up pretty bright for the occasion, but they are e'en-a-just ruined for all that. The major part of them ar'n't worth carrying home, I declare.'

The shrewd housekeeper who secured them, was heard to say to her husband, that evening, that she had made a grand bargain, and got them at about a quarter of their true value; and while she extolled her own sharpness, added, 'she'd be bound, the people who sold them would not get as many good things to eat as had already been cooked on them.'

The auction was nearly finished, and most of the purchasers had withdrawn, when a coarse-featured woman, with a patronizing air, said, in a half whisper,

'Miss Tammadge, you ha'n't got a new gown or two, have you, that you'd sell cheap?'

Mr. Talmadge colored, and drawing the hand of his wife within his arm, would have led her away. But with a sweet, confiding glance, and a few whispered words, she assured him, and he gazed at her with a tender respect, as on a superior being. Her clear, good sense convinced her that her wardrobe comprised some articles, which in the changed state of their finances, would be useless and inappropriate, and with perfect good temper, she produced them. The lady minutely examined their fabric and fashion, professed both to be in fault, and vastly inferior to what she expected; yet, after cheapening them to the lowest point, possessed herself of them, and exhibited them afterwards to her friends who called, as some of the 'trappings which the proud Miss Tom Tammadge, the broken merchant's wife, was glad enough to sell.'

When night came, the house of Mr. Talmadge was stripped both of its ornaments and comforts. It was empty, but not deserted, for in it were hearts sustained by the consciousness of rectitude, and firmly resolved on duty—hearts, united in love, submissive to the divine will, and strong to strengthen each other. The former master and mistress of this once well-furnished mansion, sat together upon a coarse joint-stool, near a few coals in the kitchen grate. A candle, placed in the neck of a bottle, for every lamp and candlestick had been sold, and a little ink in the bottom of a broken tea-cup, aided them in the arithmetical calculations which they were busily making.

'Husband, am I right?' said a clear, animated voice. 'Am I right? My little account-book here, gives a result that we are able to pay all our debts.'

'Yes, dearest—all, every one in full; and this auction enables us to have something left.'

'God be thanked! What heartfelt happiness!'

'But, Mary, how different must our mode of life be from what you have been accustomed to, and the prospects that you had a right to encourage at the time of our



marriage. I could not bear to see those elegant pieces of furniture, which I can never replace, taken away from you.—Those beautiful sofas on which you used to rest after a long walk, cost me many a pang.

‘See if we will not be just as happy without them. Indeed, if God pleases, we will be happier than ever we have been. A life of fashion is not agreeable to either of us. To tell the truth, I have long suffered anxiety—not that I thought we were inclined to extravagance, but our situation forced us to many useless expenses, and the pressure of the times on mercantile effort, made me so fear that some misfortune would come, and leave us unable fully to pay our debts. Now, no human being will suffer by us.’

‘Yet, my wife, we have but a mere pittance left.’

‘Never mind: it is our own. Poverty is better than unjust gain. I would not like to sit upon nice carpets, and feel that those whom we owed were reproaching us. How sweetly shall we rest to-night—every claim discharged, and the injunction obeyed, to ‘owe no man anything, except to love one another.’

‘I bless God for your fortitude—for your cheering smiles. They put new life into me.’

His expressions of commendation and love, so dear to the heart of a wife, were interrupted by a faint knock at the door. A poor boy was found standing on the threshold, who had occasionally been employed in the lower services, about the store or the house. He was in tears, and with faltering words expressed his desire to live with them. He said he had no parents, no friends able to take care of him, and that the voice of the kind lady who had sometimes spoken to him when he brought a parcel, reminded him of that of his mother.

‘We are poor ourselves, now, my boy,’ said Mr. Talmadge. ‘We can do nothing for you. We are to move away in a few days.’

‘Please to let me go with you. Please, do.’

The lady looked imploringly at her husband.

‘What now, Mary?’

‘Let us take him, and trust that He who feedeth the sparrows, will not fail to provide for the orphan.’

The husband assented—more because his wife desired, than from any conviction of expediency. Poor Richard thankfully received a portion of the baker’s loaf which had been left from their suppers, and slept soundly on the temporary bed that was spread for him.

The next week saw the family, residents of a distant agricultural village. They rented a few acres of land, and a small tenement, furnished only with what was necessary for comfort. Yet the perfect neatness that reigned there was beautiful; and when the occupations of the day were over, and by the bright lamp Mr. Talmadge read aloud from some one of the books which they retained as chosen companions, his wife seated by his side with her needle or knitting work, the beaming smile, the animated remark, the occasional song involuntarily bursting forth, showed how serene and sincere was their enjoyment. A summer or two spent in the country during his youth, had given him a taste for rural employment; and now, freedom from the harassing cares of business, with a life of simplicity and active exercise, gave him a degree of health which he had never before enjoyed. His wife, also, found her elasticity of spirits proportionally heightened, while the charge of her household, her earnestness to learn the policy and promote the welfare of the poultry and bees, whom she styled her own immediate subjects, and her interest in all that her husband undertook, particularly in the pursuits of horticulture, usefully and pleasantly occupied her.

Richard proved himself an invaluable assistant, having considerable knowledge of practical agriculture, acquired by passing his early childhood on a farm, and his grat-

itude to his kind patrons prompted the most untiring efforts.

The state of society, as is often the case in our agricultural villages, was marked by intelligence, morality, and a disposition for friendly intercourse. The new residents were greeted with kindness, and were ready to reciprocate it, and to take part in those social duties which give due exercise to the tender, christian sympathies. Their moderated desires embraced at first only the prospect of a fair living, free from debt, with the satisfaction of being able to aid those who might need their charity. More than this came, almost without their seeking. As, from principle, they wasted nothing, their small gains annually accumulated, until they became owners of the spot where they were originally tenants, and which had constantly been improved under their occupancy.

In process of time, their faithful Richard desiring, with their approbation, to marry a deserving young woman, his kind patrons decided to entrust to their tenantry the place which they had hitherto occupied, and erect for themselves a habitation on some land recently purchased. Soon a tasteful cottage reared its white front on a neighboring knoll, with a lofty walnut grove for a background. An acacia hedge, mingled at regular intervals with the graceful sumach, bordered its sloping lawn, and the fruit-trees which had been prospectively planted, were in full prosperity. Flowering shrubs and vines embowered the lovely mansion, clustering roses adorned the winding gravel-walk, and a noble drooping elm, in patriarchal majesty, spread its long arms over the rustic gate. The traveller often paused to admire the symmetry and simple elegance of the building, and the quiet repose of the shades that embosomed it. There, still in those habits of rural industry which promote and preserve health, but in the enjoyment of all the leisure they could desire, and which they so well knew how to render improving, both to themselves and others, their time passed in felicity and in love.

The lady of the cottage, as years flowed

on, delighted more and more in the society of the young of her own sex, because she felt it was in her power to do them good. The inhabitants of the village, knowing that she had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, were anxious that such of their daughters as had attained sufficient age to appreciate its value, should profit by intercourse with her. Yielding to their solicitations, she consented to give them regular instruction in the studies and accomplishments that were to her familiar. Four afternoons in the week, she saw her parlor pleasantly filled with the bright faces whom she loved, and by whom she was beloved in return. While imparting to their docile minds the healthy aliment of knowledge, she was sometimes led silently to contrast the pure, unostentatious pleasure which she thus enjoyed, with that period of wasting excitement, when the splendor of her dress or the elegance of her accomplishments won the adulation of a heartless throng, she herself, wearied and ill-content with a profitless existence. Striving to prepare her pupils for the faithful and graceful discharge of every feminine duty, she warmly impressed those precepts of morality and piety, whose sustaining influences she had from her youth experienced. Some of her favorite lessons were, that there may be happiness, respectability and influence without wealth; that the pursuit of it, as the main object of life, is mistaken and dangerous; that all expenditure beyond income, is injustice; and that to live in luxury upon the property of others, withheld from them against their will, and to their inconvenience and suffering, is a sin against conscience, of which no consistent Christian could be guilty.

'Pay your debts, my dear young friends,' she would say, 'and when you have husbands, do not lead them into extravagance, but be their helpers.'

The good she accomplished, and the affection she acquired by her judicious labors as a teacher, could not be bounded by this fleeting existence. And as the husband and wife, arm in arm, walked at the close of day, around the grounds that every year

became more beautiful, they often said to each other,

'How much higher enjoyment have we here found, than great riches with their cares and dangers could have afforded us; and how superior is the quiet of an approving heart, to the pursuit of those shadows which the gay world calls happiness.'

*Hartford, April, 1842.*

Original.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SCENE.

It was evening; one of those bright, beautiful evenings in midsummer, when the deep, blue sky seems to bend lovingly over the green earth, and the stars shine out with a serene and happy light, as at that hour when they sung together over a new-born and beautiful world. But there was noise and bustle, unholy mirth, and guilty strife in the principal street of our usually quiet village. The cause of this unwonted commotion was soon visible—a bloated, staggering wretch was forcibly ejected from one of those very few haunts of intemperance that disfigure the otherwise beautiful scenery of our little oasis in the desert.

It was an ill-timed mirth, that burst forth in wild discordant laughter, as that wretched man throwing his arms aloft, vainly attempted to imitate the tone and gesture of insulted dignity; it was an ill-timed mirth that could thus laugh at moral deformity, and at the utter wreck of an intellect, noble and sublime as was ever committed to mortal trust—but so it was, and the laugh rang loud and merrily, as the drunkard wended his way reeling and staggering towards his miserable, neglected home.

Miserable, did I say? Yes, so far as he, the husband and father, was concerned—and neglected; but there was one, who walked through that lonely dwelling like an angel of light, smiling as if in mockery

of her own broken heart, and shedding a halo of light and blessedness around that home, which would otherwise be dark and drear as the midnight shades. But she was there—she, who was once the cherished, the beautiful bride, but now, the forlorn, forsaken wife—the anxious, but deeply affectionate mother. She was there, a star in the midst of a frowning and tempestuous sky, leaning, by the simple but powerful energy of faith, on that arm which, though invisible, she knew was extended for her protection and support; and nightly did the voice of prayer go up from that humble hearth, and find its way even to the throne of Him, who sitteth in the circle of the heavens.——Autumn came, and on a clear, frosty morning in October, that wife and mother might have been seen walking with a hurried step towards the largest store in the village.——There was a deep flush on that cheek that I had often seen so deadly pale; and a wildness in the eye that might be attributed either to extreme sorrow or excessive joy. I am sure that it was no idle curiosity that prompted me to follow that heart-stricken one; and I entered the store, just as she was approaching the occupant. She held in her hand a small bit of paper which she hesitated to present, but at last muttered, 'my husband says that he has been to work for Mr. ——,' here she paused, and an incredulous smile flitted over her face. The merchant stepped towards her, with an air of kindness, and taking the paper from her hand, replied: 'Mr. —— has given your husband an order on me—I will answer it.' A moment, and that face was pale as the sculptured marble; and then a ray of joy passed over it like the first beam of light darting over the quiet but darkened deep. I stood by that happy but almost bewildered mother as she selected the warm, winter clothing for her beautiful babes, and I caught the glance of joy that she threw on me as she gathered up her treasures, and with a bounding step left the store.

'Marshall has joined the Washington Temperance Society,' said the storekeeper,



as I turned on him a look of anxious inquiry. 'But will he persevere?' I replied, 'surely she must die if he disappoints her now.' 'I really think that he will,' was the encouraging reply; he has great decision, and has taken the step seriously, and deliberately. He has but this one failing, and will be a noble man if he conquer. And so it is, he did conquer—and the victory was complete. Surely 'the parched ground has become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.'

MARY.

Original.

(*Illustrated Article.*)

#### THE YOUNG COTTAGER CONTRASTED WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY CAROLINE L. NORTH.

A halo lingers round the spot  
Where youthful piety has dwelt,  
And sacred is the humblest cot  
Where'er its holy charm is felt—  
Where a young heart to God is given,  
Or spirit wings its flight for heaven.

These are the memories that cling  
Around thy cottage, little Jane,  
A heavenly influence o'er it fling  
And hallow all the rural scene—  
There seems a spell upon the air,  
As if, unseen, thyself wert there.

Thine was indeed a happy fate,  
Thou young disciple of our Lord;  
Such peace as dwells within thy heart,  
Can earth her favored ones afford?  
Answer, Elizabeth, proud queen  
As e'er Britannia has seen.

For thou wert great, the world would say,  
Glory and power and pomp were thine;  
A mighty empire owned thy sway,  
And proud ones knelt before thy shrine.  
Joy to thy heart did homage bring,  
And peace around thee fold her wing?

And thine were threescore years and ten,  
Death waited long his royal prey,  
But ah, he came too soon e'en then  
To bear it willingly away.  
How couldst thou die while in thy breast  
Earth's passions had not sunk to rest?

How couldst thou lay thine honors down,  
Yield up thine all in yielding breath,  
With no sure title to a crown  
Beyond the rolling waves of Death?  
Not such that hour to little Jane—  
To die was her infinite gain.

Her humble cot the King of kings  
His favored palace deigned to own,  
And angels o'er it spread their wings  
Attendant on his chosen one—  
An heir of glory lingering there,  
Awaiting her triumphal car.

The mandate came—a heavenly smile  
Spread o'er her childish, happy face,  
She sweetly bade the loved farewell,  
Her closing lips just murmured 'Peace.'  
Death gently breathed upon her frame—  
Her spirit was borne to its home.

*From the Ladies' Repository.*

#### TRIP FROM JERUSALEM TO JAFFA

BY S. T. GILLET.

The night of the 26th of August, 1834, was one of the most enchanting that ever witnessed the departure of a pilgrim band from the Holy City. The hour of midnight had passed away. The uproar of our Arab muleteers, and the husky growl of the Egyptian guard died away upon the ear, as the city gates were closed upon us, and we permitted quietly to wend our way toward the west. The mountains around Jerusalem were bathed in moonlight—all nature was hushed in silence—not even the sighing of the wind among the rocks of Judea was heard, as our party quietly organizing took up a line of march for the ship, reluctant to leave a place of so much interest as Jerusalem, with only the superficial examination we had been able to give it. A sterile scene lay around us, rocks partially coated with moss covering the earth, without leaving a tree or scarce a shrub to relieve the monotony of the view; yet in the uncertain light of the moon, the inequality of the surface, together with the clusters of rocks, presented appearances which a fertile imagination might construe into enchanted ground.

### *Trip from Jerusalem to Jaffa.*

An hour brought us to the extremity of the summit level of the 'Hill Country' of Judea, on whose eastern border stands the city of David, while to the west yawns the deep and precipitous valley of Elah, into the dark recesses of which we were about entering. A hasty glance at the scene behind us, where lay Jerusalem, insensible alike in moral and in natural sleep, and the Holy City at once was lost to our view. The region formerly noted for robbery and violence now lay before us; and although it became us to adopt prudential measures to prevent surprise, yet our minds were occupied with reflections naturally rising from the places we had visited; and yielding to our disposition to muse on the past, we quietly threaded our way down the sides of the valley, and across the bed of the stream which separated the armies of Israel and Philistia when the champion of Gath fell before the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem, as recorded in 1st Samuel, 17. Possessing ourselves of some 'smooth stones from the brook,' as memorials of our visit, we hastened onward, anxious to get clear of the mountain defiles. The unburied bodies of those who a few weeks previous had fallen in an attack of the rebels of Ibrahim Pacha, gave proof of a dangerous vicinity. On our left the hills abruptly reared their summits, with large masses of rock suspended, nearly vertical, over our heads, and which if rolled down would carry destruction before them.—beneath us on our right lay the dry bed of a torrent, while our narrow and tortuous pathway was darkened by undergrowth and projecting points of rocks, affording suitable convenience for an ambuscade. Along this track we were quietly pursuing our journey as another party slowly approached us from the opposite direction, doubtless meditating bloodshed and robbery. Unconscious of our danger, we made no preparation for an onset; but the guide, more experienced, anticipated a deadly combat, while the proximity of the robbers prevented the communication of his fears. At this juncture, the light of the friendly moon gleaming on our weap-

ons, and revealing our number and armor, served in the hands of Providence to intimidate the freebooters; and without speaking a word each party gave the road in passing, and were soon separated by the intervening masses of rock. The dawn of day soon lit up the east, and offered its friendly aid in passing the mountain defiles of Ephraim. The summit of the dividing highlands being gained, a fountain, pouring forth its silvery stream, invited us to halt beneath the shade of some friendly olives, and restore the energies of nature. Soon a part of the company were seated on the mossy rocks with the 'caterer's wallet' before them, while the more vigorous pursued their course for the plains of Sharon. Here, while breaking our fast, an opportunity was afforded to gratify a taste for interesting scenery. Indeed, our position bordered on the sublime. Far to the west lay the Great, or Mediterranean Sea, with its border of white sand marking the boundary of its waves eastward, while on its farther visible limits the sea and sky seemed to blend—Mount Carmel in the northwest, sinking into the plains of Sharon, farther south, and the coasts of Philistia lay before us—to the east and north a succession of hills and valleys met the eye, clad in drapery alternately sterile and luxuriant. At our feet opened a deep gorge issuing forth into the plain of Sharon near the ruins of Nether Bethhoron, through which annually thousands of pilgrims find their way to and from the Holy City. The plain of Sharon, in its length and breadth, spread before us, with here and there a village, and an occasional cluster of trees, reminding the western traveler of the savannas of America. Its occupants too, sparsely settled, and predatory in their habits, may fitly be compared with the aboriginals of our prairies, by substituting the pastoral life and cowardice of the former for the hunter's life and intrepidity of the latter. Although the plain, in former ages, has been peopled by millions, and might now support a nation, it is mostly an uncultivated waste, affording a scanty support to a few indolent wandering Arabs,

subsisting mostly by the pastoral life and an occasional attention to husbandry. In former ages these mountains also supported a vast population, although now so destitute of soil and inhabitants. The manner of rendering the sloping ground available, is by the construction of stone walls at different intervals along the face of the hill, affording a stair-like formation, and an aggregate area to the horizontal superficies of the hill; but if these walls are neglected, the heavy rains of this country wash the soil off, depositing it in the narrow valleys below, where it forms a deep mold, in luxuriance equal to the alluvial deposits of the Ohio Valley. Such has been the instability of the government for ages past, that protection was not afforded the occupant of the soil in his improvements, to prevent his stronger neighbor from taking forcible possession when his cupidity became excited, as in the case of Naboth, 1st Kings, 21. Hence, these mountains have become barren, except where wild shrubs and dwarf forest trees have obtained a hold and retain a portion of the soil.

Having finished our repast, we resumed our journey, and entered the plain of Sharon through a deep and narrow ravine, the pathway lined by rocks and undergrowth, which occasionally interlocked overhead. As we neared the edge of the plain, and approached a safer latitude, our anxiety to reach the ship broke in upon our arrangement for close traveling; and in the endeavor of one of our party to overhaul the company ahead, he slipped from his animal and fell to the earth, at the expense of a broken limb. Never was accident more unlucky. From the halt in the mountains all hands commenced a race for the ship. The restless nights, weary days, and wretched fare endured since leaving our vessel, created a desire once more to gain her noble decks. Under these peculiarities each one put his animal to his speed; and as our great number had drained Jaffa of its supply of beasts of burden, we were variously mounted, some on donkeys, scarce two cubits and a span high,

others on mules, jacks, or horses, and these of different qualities, lame, blind, spavined, or perchance sound. Thus, John Gilpin like, we stretched it over the plain, covering some miles of the road with our motley cavalcade. When the officer fell from his horse, his companions were in the rear; but an unknown hand was extended to raise him from the earth. It proved to be an American missionary, on his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The party in the rear coming up took charge of their crippled companion, but were at a loss how to transport their charge to the ship, distant eighteen or twenty miles. Such a convenience as a wheeled carriage is unknown in Syria, every thing being transported on beasts of burden. A village being near, an unsuccessful attempt was made to buy the door of one of their huts. Finally a litter, constructed of a piece of canvass stretched out by the aid of walking sticks, was placed on the back of a donkey, with four persons to support the corners; and on this he was carried nine miles to Ramla, the Arimathea of the New Testament. In the meantime the senior officer present took command, and placed the sumpter mules and baggage with some drunken sailors under the care of a junior officer. The biped part of his charge proved in the end far the most troublesome. One of the sailors had procured in Jerusalem a bottle of *aqua ardiente*, and stowed it away in his clothing. To this he frequently applied, until becoming 'top heavy,' he took a 'lee lurch' into the grass, determined to anchor for the day. Here the reefer was at a stand. His companions were out of sight ahead, and he worse than alone, with suspicious looking Arabs around him, and all the baggage to tempt them to plunder, and not a rope-yarn with which to lash the sailor to his donkey. In this extremity he discovered the bottle of spirit, and dispossessing Jack of his prize, who parted with it as with life, he went ahead and tolled his troublesome charge along as a backwoodsman would a herd of swine, until he was able to navigate without such attraction.



In past years the traveler moved through Palestine in great danger of robbery ; but these regions having been recently scourged by Ibrahim Pacha, the risk is much diminished. Still the separation of our party, and the isolated position of the baggage, offered so strong a temptation, that we did not feel safe until about mid-day, when we entered Ramla. Here we left our disabled companion in care of the American consul, and proceeded on toward the coast, passing over the sandy plain which skirts the shores of the Mediterranean. We succeeded in arriving at Jaffa before the closing of the gates, and without any accident other than an occasional fall from a horse, and a noisy altercation with the muleteers, who commenced their usual system of extortion, in the course of which pistols were drawn but no blood. By eight o'clock we were all on board, but so much exhausted that some had scarce strength to mount the bulwarks by the man-ropes. The distance from Jerusalem to the sea is about thirty miles, and not over thirty-five to Jaffa, as some of our party were on board by ten o'clock, accomplishing the whole journey in eight hours.

Thus terminated a week in the Holy Land, during which we saw many places and objects of interest, but much as a person lounges through a museum, with only time to glance at objects as he passes ; yet our visit was profitable to all, and served to establish the believer in his faith, and even to convince the sceptic not only of the truth of the sacred record, but of the reality of the religion of Christ. The writer of this article was gratified to learn from a medical officer who had been an unbeliever, that during his attendance on the Rev. M. Nickolayson, then quite sick, such was the effect upon his mind. 'I have,' said he, 'heretofore regarded missionaries as more shrewd than their friends at home, and as traveling at their expense to see the world, under color of benevolence to the heathen ; but my association with that gentleman, and his amiable lady, under the most trying circumstances, leads me to another conclusion. With learning

and accomplishments that would grace a drawing-room in London, they resign the pleasures of refined society, and the comforts of civilized life, and submitting to voluntary exile for years in succession, they take up their abode in the most disagreeable place I have yet seen, their lives in constant jeopardy, and without a single visible attraction, devote their whole time to the task of instructing the despised descendants of Jacob. I not only believe them sincere, but that they are influenced and sustained by principles which can only be accounted for by admitting the reality of religion.'

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Original.

THE GEM OF PRICE.

BY ALANSON ORDWAY.

Gems there are of earthly mould,  
Sought and set in burnished gold,  
To deck the form and make display  
Of things that quickly pass away—  
But there's a gem of nobler birth,  
Immortal and of priceless worth :  
The soul—a gem by God designed,  
And set in earth to be refined,  
And then transferred by Holy Love,  
From earth below to courts above ;  
That it may there forever shine,  
A glorious Gem of Grace Divine,  
And O may you present that Gem  
To God for his own Diadem.

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THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,  
Where a lily had chanced to grow ;  
'Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye ?  
When she of the bright and sparkling eye  
Must sleep in the church-yard low.'

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,  
And spoke from its shining track :  
'I was a worm, 'till I won my wings,  
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph  
sings—  
{ Would'st thou call the blest one back ? }

Original.

## THE THREE ORPHANS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

It was on a beautiful autumnal evening that Mrs. Morris, conscious that her sufferings in this world were nearly ended, begged to have her children admitted into her apartment. Her eldest son was blind, and her eldest daughter deaf and dumb. Her youngest daughter was extremely beautiful, and ardently beloved by her blind brother. On being admitted to their mother's presence, they were struck with grief and astonishment, at the great alteration in her looks since they last saw her.

'My beloved children,' said their mother, in a gentle voice, 'I am soon to leave you, and it grieves me much that I must part from you, so soon. My poor, fatherless children, you must soon be orphans; but I leave you to the care of Him who careth for you, and to the love of Him who gave his life as a ransom for us all. And oh! what a comfort this brings to my departing spirit.'

Here her voice grew feeble, and she was obliged to rest for a short time.

Mary, the dumb girl drew nearer to her mother, and gently wiping the cold moisture from her brow, took a cordial, and affectionately put a few drops in her mouth, which somewhat revived her. The pleased child snatched a faded flower, and placed it in a glass of fresh water, darting at the same time, an angry glance at the nurse who stood by, as though she would have said, her mother, like the severed flower, had perished through neglect, for she had no comprehension of death. Her sister Fanny could indeed see and comprehend all, having her senses; but she thought but little of any one but herself, and her own beauty, of which she was insufferably vain.

Henry, though blind, loved his mother ardently, and the large tears rolled from his sighless eyes, as the tones of her gentle voice ceased to vibrate on his ear. He gently took her cold hand in his, and covered it with warm and tender kisses. 'Oh, my mother!' said he, weeping as he spoke,

'do not leave us alone in the world. Oh! why must you die?'

'My son,' said his mother, 'be comforted, and listen to me while I have strength to bestow my parting blessing.' And she laid her hand gently on his head as she spoke. 'Be kind to your orphan sisters—be both father and mother to Mary,' she continued, placing Mary's hand at the same time on his.

'I will, I will,' sobbed Henry, almost suffocated with emotion.

'Come here, my little Fanny,' said her mother, 'for my sight grows dim. God, my dear child, has blessed you above your brother and sister; read and teach the scriptures to them when I am no more. Practise the blessed precepts they contain, that we may all be united in heaven, never again to part.'

Here her strength failed her. She was exhausted, and lay perfectly motionless. The nurse whispered to the weeping children to leave the room. They obeyed willingly, thinking their mother needed rest; she rested in Heaven.

Mr. Morris had died suddenly, when Fanny was but an infant, leaving but little for the support of his family. His widow had injured her health in her exertions for their support, and the eldest claimed besides, more than an ordinary share of attention. The youngest, as I have before said, being an extremely beautiful child, was as much flattered as ever at her early age, to make her vanity excessive. This fault, and her selfish disposition, gave her mother a great deal of unhappiness, and was her chief source of sorrow in leaving them. Her other children were possessed of affectionate dispositions, and though Mary's feelings of dislike or anger sometimes were violently expressed, she was generally able to control them by a mild, firm course of conduct. Yet she trembled for her, for strangers would neither feel nor act for them as a mother did. She comforted herself with the beautiful and touching promises of scripture, and left her orphans to the care of Him who car-

rieth the tender lambs in his arms, and leadeth his flock by still waters.

Mary saw them lay her mother in the coffin in utter astonishment, and Henry walked round and round, and felt the narrow box all over. He knew his mother was dead, and being old enough somewhat to comprehend the nature of death, he patiently submitted to the stroke.—Fanny was so much taken up with the preparation for the funeral, and her new mourning, that her great loss made but a slight impression on her feelings.

After Mrs. Morris's remains were deposited in the grave, and as the family, weary and sad, were about to retire to rest, Mary was nowhere to be found. Much alarmed, they searched the house and the neighboring woods, but without effect. At last Henry advised them to proceed to the graveyard, which they did. On reaching it, they found Mary howling in a frightful manner, and tearing up the earth by handfuls from the new-made grave, as if in the frantic endeavor to regain her mother.\* Poor child! they could not explain to her, and she could have no comprehension of the mystery of death. They took her forcibly home—confined her in her room, and watched her carefully. She refused food, and became very pale and thin, and heeded no one. The expression of her countenance was extremely mournful, and moved the beholder to pitying tears.

After she had been confined nearly a week, it was thought best to set her at liberty, but keep a watchful eye on her. She immediately took some delicate food, and with great care, placed it between two dishes, which she tied with a napkin; then taking a small pitcher of warm tea, she proceeded to her mother's grave. She motioned to her mother to arise, then set down the food, threw herself on the ground, and placed her ear to the earth as she had seen people do when they were listening, and manifested great distress that her efforts were ineffectual.

In order to induce her to leave the grave,

\* A fact.

her friends told her that her mother slept, and that she must not wake her. She placed the food carefully on the grave, and after repeatedly kissing the sod, went quietly home. But for a long time, whenever they missed her, she would be found at the grave, endeavoring by her motions to entice her mother home.

As Henry had an excellent talent for music, it was thought best for him to make the science a study, and by earnest application he very soon became a noted performer on the violin, and was able in a few years to gain a competence by his own exertion. He built him a pretty dwelling, and took his sister Fanny home to live with him. This wicked girl, who had great influence over him, used every endeavor to prejudice him against his sister Mary; because, she wanted all the money he could spare, for dress and shows. She finally persuaded him to put poor Mary in the almshouse, where she was shamefully neglected, and left exposed to the contamination of vicious example, and the guidance of her own violent passions.

Fanny was a beautiful dancer, and her brother often took her with him to balls, where her uncommon elegance and beauty attracted around her a crowd of idle and flattering admirers. One of these gay young men became so much fascinated, that after declaring his love to her, he asked and obtained her brother's permission to their union. Fanny really loved him, as far as her selfishness and vanity were consistent with love, and for a time she imagined herself perfectly happy. Her husband's eyes however were soon opened to her weakness of mind, and though without principle himself, he yet despised her want of it. By artful manœuvres he contrived to get a large part of Henry's property into his hands, which he soon squandered, and reduced himself and family to want. For a long time his wife had to struggle with distressing poverty, and her husband's ill health, peevishness and irritable temper. Yet no one pitied her, for all thought she deserved to suffer.

Henry had meantime married a good in-



dustrious girl, and having his own family to provide for, could not be of any assistance to her. Her husband at length died, and she did not long survive him. She departed, apparently without having repented of her evil deeds, and ill-spent life.

Henry's wife took poor Mary from the almshouse, and treated her kindly. She showed her gratitude for kind treatment in every possible way, and made herself useful in the family in various ways. I recollect, when a very little child, being frightened by her violent gesticulations and the strange noises she made in the effort to make herself understood by strangers. She resided for a few years in her brother's family, but previous hardships had broken her constitution, and she at length departed in peace, with kind friends to smooth her pathway to the tomb; and her remains were placed in the silent mould with all proper demonstrations of feeling and respect.

Henry having learned not to trust to any thing earthly, endeavored to instil into his family those principles which alone produce happiness, and for the want of which his sister made herself criminal, embittered many years of his life, and caused so much suffering to the unfortunate Mary.

Original.

#### THE MARINER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Upon the mighty deep I live; billows  
And clouds among. Upon the sea, the deep  
Blue sea, I cheerily pass the hour, as  
Warring winds, in wild uproar, chant their  
Sweet minstrelsy. To gaze upon the crested  
Waves; and watch their bright phosphoric glare,  
Like liquid fire upon the blue expanse; to  
See him roll in solemn grandeur to the  
Whitened strand, and fancy how they rise and  
Break, and sparkling kiss the shore; to me  
Yields sweet delight.

'Neath their pellucid face, the  
Mermaids deck their coral bowers, or on some  
Tow'ring rock, 'mid Ocean's foam, forming  
white

Draperies round their graceful forms, unmov'd  
They sit: where dolphins play and leap the briny  
Tide. Their taper fingers twining their long  
Hair, floating in waving curls upon the  
Passing breeze. 'Mid emerald bowers and  
grottoes

Bright, their fleeting hours they spend, nor  
know of

Aught beyond the rolling deep. Amid their  
Revelry and sports; o't from afar, a  
Gurgling sound breaks on their startled ear,  
which

Nearer yet, and nearer comes, as opening  
Circles cleave the deep descent, and to their  
Wildering gaze, the hapless form of some young  
Sailor brings, seeking his last sad rest, where  
Love's sweet tear upon his beauteous face,  
Its impress ne'er can leave, nor his cold form  
Affection's breath embalm.

Quickly within

Their dimpled arms, the mermaids clasp their  
child,

Grieving they bear him to their pearly rooms;  
Upon their coral bed they lay him down—  
His sapphire pillow bright with sparkling gems;  
Deck his fair brow with sea-flowers green:  
then lift

In one deep wail, their voices loud and clear:  
Old ocean, echoing with their requiem wild  
Gives back their mournful dirge, as murmuring  
winds

In deep-toned music, blend their steady roar.

They tell me of the land and home, green  
groves,

And shaded bowers; of blushing roses on  
Their mossy stem; sweet-scented shrubs, and  
dew

Bespangled vales; meandering streams, and  
Cooling fountains, murmuring as they flow.

'The sea the sea, the open sea!' This is  
My home. Here I delight to dwell. The  
heavens

Above—the flowing deep beneath. My gay  
Craft's deck, my amphitheatre. To me  
No bounds are set; no stinted city claims my  
wanderings;

No pent up walls re-echo to my voice;  
Ocean reverberates with its eloquence.  
My home is here upon the mountain wave,  
Where howling winds and flying clouds com-  
bine.

My hammock rocked by fitful gusts, bursting  
From wing'd winds.—Powerful opiates—  
Like cradle hymns my mother sung, when her  
Young boy she rock'd, they lull me to repose.

Yon azure dome, my gilded canopy ;  
The stars my chandeliers, sparkling and bright ;  
More brilliant far, than million astrals lit.  
Guardians kind, sweet watchers of the night—  
their  
Faithful vigils round my pillow keeping,  
'Till slowly, one by one, they disappear,  
As forth the king of day on his pavilioned  
Throne, his trackless course ascends.

Wafted by  
Gentle gales I feel most happy; long tales  
Of by-gone days, in sailor style are told,  
So coarsely rough, and yet so bold; they bring  
In full relief before my spirit's eye,  
The times in which they lived. Old eastern  
tales

Of magic lamps, enchanted streams and tow'rs;  
Arabian scenes are pictured forth, till all  
With one accord, believe the story true.

But when the winds and tempests raise their  
powers,  
Mocking at man's most vigorous strength; then  
wakes

My soul to thoughts of noble daring. Up,  
Up the shrouds we fly, and in a trice our  
Bark is rifled of her bellying sails, and  
She who lay like a white swan upon the  
Sleeping wave, now 'neath bare poles before  
The shivering gale, pursues her course 'mid  
angry

Surges, lashed by mutual strife.

Such is  
My life upon the bounding deep. Sunshine  
And storm each other quick succeed. Striving  
As if to see which should predominate.

And such is man: such his existence. Such  
Is human life! The strife of passion, calm  
Repose precedes. Like Ocean's ever varying  
Tides—reckless he rushes on, heedless of  
Every beacon, 'till death's dark rolling wave  
His few remaining sands sweep quick away,  
And forth he launches in the broad ocean  
Of Eternity!

*Sag Harbor, (L. I.) April, 1842.*

Our principles are the springs of our  
actions; our actions, the springs of our  
happiness and misery. Too much care,  
therefore, cannot be employed in forming  
our principles.—*Shelton.*

Original.

# YOUTHFUL PIETY.

BY REV. SCHUYLER HOES.

What period between the opening and  
the closing of human life is more import-  
ant than that of youth. No being upon  
earth is more interesting than the infant,  
the child, the young person. Among them  
are found the tenderest sympathies, and  
the most endearing relations. In them the  
painter finds subjects for the most touch-  
ing exhibitions of his art; by them the  
poet is inspired with the sweetest melody  
of song. If there be a human being who  
remains unaffected by the charms thrown  
around this period of probation, he must  
have a heart that is either naturally incap-  
able of exquisite emotion, or which is  
chilled and frozen by the pernicious influ-  
ences of the world. But, alas! when we  
come more closely to contemplate even  
this period which so forcibly reminds us  
of paradisaic innocence and bliss, we find  
that sin has entered the world, to poison  
its joys, and to mar its loveliness; we find  
that youth, like manhood, must be sancti-  
fied, must experience the purifying and  
elevating influence of religion—must come  
into possession of the peace of the gospel  
before it becomes an object on which God,  
or angels, or holy men, can look with com-  
placency. There may sometimes, it is  
true, be much that is amiable, where noth-  
ing is unfolded but the natural affections,  
drawn forth by their native simplicity, or  
regulated by the forms of refined educa-  
tion. But, compared with the christian  
virtues, shedding their heavenly influence  
upon the youthful heart, all this loveliness  
of nature is as the inanimate picture, com-  
pared with the living, thinking, and act-  
ing original. The body may be fair and  
well proportioned, but the soul, the living  
image of God, is wanting. The Son of  
God came down from heaven to restore  
the 'beauty of holiness' to the young  
heart, as well as to the individual whose  
visage is wrinkled, and whose head is  
frosted with the lapse of sixty annual  
revolutions. And his religion is the only  
power that can restore it—the only power  
that can secure to the hearts of the young,  
unmingled truth and unfeigned love—the  
only power that can give reality and per-  
manency to their virtues, and secure to  
them the abiding presence of God.

Contemplate pious youth in their gen-  
eral aim. They have learned in the school  
of Christ that this world is not their home,  
and that its objects however splendid or  
attractive, are not their chief good. They  
view by an eye of faith, beyond these tran-  
sitory scenes, an inheritance incorruptible  
and unfading. They regard it as their own,

and expect soon to have it in actual possession. And while they faithfully perform the duties which spring from their various relations in society, it is in reference to their christian vocation, and to the loftier purposes of their being. The regulations which they establish, the plans which they form, the pursuits in which they engage, are all made subservient to the same great object. Their spirituality is not lost, but habitually cherished and heightened by their intercourse with the good. Their souls constantly stretch forward to their more enduring inheritance. And in this respect, who does not discover the marked difference between the irreligious and religious youth. The former seeks for present convenience or comfort, and is intent only on present acquisitions. His principal solicitude is to increase his treasures, and secure his respectability for time. His arrangements and his modes of thinking and acting, are all adapted merely to the attainment of some earthly, temporary good. There may be decency, there may be refinement, there may be much that is attractive; but you look in vain for evidence that religion exerts its due influence, or that heaven is the chief object of desire. You see not the sweetness of piety, you hear not the voice of prayer; the great interests of eternity, if not entirely overlooked, are regarded only as objects of secondary consideration. But in the latter, the case is widely different, his leading aims and purposes of life are infinitely more lofty than any objects of this world. By him God is acknowledged and enjoyed as a present Deity—by him it is made a serious object of life to possess a treasure in the heavens when this earth is burnt up—by him the power of religion is exemplified in everyday concerns—by him its benign influence is shed, like the dew of night upon the tender herb, upon all the circles in which he moves. Such a youth is loved and honored by the good of every class, and God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit will be with him.

Consider pious youth amid the sacred employments of the Sabbath. This day is regarded by them as sacred, for they hear God say from the cloud-covered Sinai: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Nor is the day unwelcome to them, for they know the happiness of living near to God. No season is so precious to them, none so much desired, as this sacred emblem of heaven's rest. As the holy day therefore, approaches, youth, such as I have described, cheerfully let go the world, to be in readiness for more spiritual employments. The last hours of the week are not burdened with excessive cares and labors so that the Sabbath may be em-

ployed in mere bodily rest: but there is a gradual withdrawing from the world, a gentle transition from the bustle and fatigues of the week, to the hours which God has consecrated. The blessed morning comes. A sacred stillness now pervades the city, the village, the country neighborhood, and the family circle. To piety, it is not the stillness of apathy, or sloth; but of solemn reflection, of heavenly thoughts; thoughts of Him who created the world with all its grandeur and beauty; of Him, too, who died for the world's redemption. The Bible, or some other good book engages their morning attention. Then with the precious 'Book Divine,' they repair to the Sabbath-school room, some to teach, others to be taught, and thus spend an hour in sowing, and receiving seed which is to spring up in the harvest of Eternity. And when the hour of public worship arrives, you see not only hoary age and manly vigor, but buoyant youth and smiling childhood, repairing to the temple of God.

No slight cause ever detains them from that sacred place. How still, serious, and attentive they are in that place where God has recorded his name, and where he mantles all the good with his glory. Thus the Sabbath is to them a day of interest and improvement, while to others, who waste its sacred hours in sleep or idleness, it becomes of all others the most irksome. Thus in secret or public devotion, in the study of the scriptures, in the delightful exercises of the Sabbath-school, in pious conversation, and in meditation on the wonderful works of their Creator and Redeemer, are passed the sacred hours of pious youth.

Contemplate pious youth at the close of life. For in this world of mutation and decay, every thing comes to an end. Some in one way, and some in another. The aged, the middle aged; yes, and those in all the greenness of youth, fall before the infallible archer. Some at home amid all the sympathies and friendships of loved ones, others among strangers where no hand, nor eye, nor voice is recognized. Some fall suddenly and unexpectedly, like the autumnal leaf before the withering frost; others with the sepulchral cough and the hectic flush, are years wasting away, still they are in the sure pathway to the tomb. I see the pious youth in all the freshness of life laid by the hand of Providence upon the couch of death, called to endure excruciating sufferings, which pierce the hearts of fond relations. But this youth remembers that God is the same kind and merciful Father that he was when he or she walked forth in all the vigor of health. The heart flows not



in prayer, and in return is heard the still small voice, 'It is I, be not afraid.' O how does religion tranquilize the spirit, and preserve a holy calm even under ills which would seem to admit of no alleviation! I see tears in the eyes of that youth, while friends approach the bed of death with almost inconsolable grief; but I see, too, the calmness and serenity of heaven in the countenance of that dear one. Now comes the trying hour. The 'King of Terrors' has arrived—the last conflict begins. The heart's Almighty guest, the Savior, who conquered this monarch in his own dominions, gives the victory to his youthful disciple. And now religion is sure in all its reality, and in all its importance, both to the living and the dead.

Finally, look at pious youth in heaven. In this imperfect state they had their cares and disappointments, their hopes and fears, their lights and shades; but now, the struggle is over, the victory is achieved, they have entered the mansions of that bright world, with cherubim and seraphim to enjoy unmingled happiness, and triumphant bliss before the throne of the Holy ones. Their crowns are received, and their harps are set to the tune of the unceasing song, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Thus they coruscate and brighten in the effulgence of the God-head forever and ever.

Lowell, 1842.

Original.

#### BURIAL AT SEA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The ocean-wind is sleeping, and the wave  
Lovely and blue as the o'erarching sky,  
Lingers with low, sweet murmuring sound to  
lave

The tall, proud vessel as it passes by.  
Hark! plaining sounds that tell of wo are there,  
And dirge-like music floats along the air.

But there is leaning o'er the vessel's side,  
One whose deep sorrow rests within her  
breast:

Nor word nor sigh escapes—fair youthful bride,  
How does thy burthened bosom ache to rest,  
Beside that death-clad form:—it may not be—  
Yet a few years of suffering must thou see.

They bend and gently raise him—rough eyes  
shed

Their mingled tears o'er that cold, youthful  
brow.

The deep receives him in its watery bed—  
Its countless waves are rolling o'er him now.  
Roll on—he sleeps too calm, too sweet to wake,  
A sleep, your wildest rush no more can break.

The last note of the dirge has died away,  
And the last ripple of the circle's blent,  
And lost among the waves—yet does she stay,  
And with a gaze, as though it might be sent  
To cheer the mysteries of the ocean-cave,  
Still watch the spot that opened for his grave.

Alas, sad mourner! soon the with'ring blight  
Of sorrow far too deep for words to speak,  
Has fallen on thee—and the smiling light  
Of thy young brow, and bloom of thy fair  
cheek

Have past away—and thou would'st have it so,  
Why wish for beauty, now that he lies low.

The silvery light of stars is on the wave—  
The breeze awakes, and round the vessel's  
prow

The glad waves dance. 'Farewell, in thy lone  
cave,

With all the dark waves o'er thee, I must now  
Forever leave thee—O that this sick breast,  
Might share, beloved, thy low place of rest.'

From the Saturday Evening Post.

#### THE KIND PROVIDENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face."

'I feel, sometimes, well nigh discourag-  
ed, Mrs. Clement, about this matter. I  
have already tried three schools for my  
little boy and girl, but have felt myself  
compelled to take them away from each,  
successively. And for the reason, that I  
could distinctly perceive a change passing  
upon their dispositions that was not for  
good. This is no doubt, owing in a de-  
gree, to their contact with other children.  
But I am convinced that such contact  
would prove beneficial were the teacher  
who has charge of them possessed of the  
true wisdom of one in so important a sta-  
tion. I am not disposed to attach blame to  
the teachers with whom my children have  
been placed. No doubt they performed

their duty to the best of their ability. But the want of a true perception of their duties is what I cannot but regret.'

'And few indeed, Mrs. Van Wych,' replied the lady to whom the above had been addressed, in the course of a conversation—'have a true perception of these duties. Yet how important it is, that the minds of young children should receive, in the first development, a right direction; for upon this depends, greatly, the tone of their future character.'

'I have had a painful consciousness of this fact, Mrs. Clement; and it is the more painful under the reflection that it will be impossible, in transferring them for a time to the care of others, to secure that wise and judicious influence.'

'I believe,' Mrs. Clement remarked, after sitting silent for some moments—'that if there is any one thing more than another for which I am, by nature, better fitted, it is for the management of young children; and if I were compelled to follow any pursuit for a living, it would be that of keeping a school for little boys and girls. And I would have none who were over eight years of age. After that period, all, and boys especially, should be placed under the care of a judicious master.'

'I wish—no, I cannot wish that either; for it would be a selfish and cruel wish.'

'Wish what, Mrs. Van Wych?'

'I was going to say, without a moment's reflection, that I wished you might be compelled to keep such a school.'

'I certainly cannot join in the desire.'—At my age, and with my habits, such a change would be an exceedingly painful one.'

'It would indeed, Mrs. Clement.'

'I sometimes wish that I had half a dozen children around me, that I might observe the effects produced on their minds by a contact with the world, full of wonders to them and guide their thoughts aright. I am often very lonesome, and grow tired of myself. For, you know, I have nothing to do. But I cannot turn schoolmistress now. That would be a

strange employment for a lady, with a clear income of five or six thousand dollars per annum.'

'Not so strange, really, as the world might think,' Mrs. Van Wych said to herself.

About a week after this conversation occurred, a friend came to see Mrs. Clement. He was a man in business, and had always interested himself for her ever since her husband's death. In fact, he advised her in all matters relating to her property, and his advice was always taken.

'I have been thinking a good deal, lately, about your affairs, Mrs. Clement,' he said, 'and have made up my mind that the best thing you can possibly do is to sell all your houses and lots at once, and invest the entire proceeds in United States Bank stock. Property is now high, and yours will bring the very best prices, if offered at this time. But there is no telling how long present rates will be maintained. On the contrary, United States Bank stock is the safest and surest investment in the country, and the dividends are always large. Stocks are also the best kind of property for a woman to have. There is no trouble and loss from bad tenants; no painful necessity from distrains; no loss in repairs, nor the constant attention to insurance, taxes, and other matters that are not only troublesome, but constitute a very heavy drawback upon the annual income. All that is required, is to go every six months, when dividends are declared, and receive your due.'

'You certainly know best Mr. Stevens,' was the old lady's reply. 'Much better, of course, than I can know. If you really think the investment a safe one, I see no objection to its being made; and to tell the truth, these matters of rents, and repairs, and insurances, etc., are no little annoyance to me.'

'Safe, Mrs. Clement! why I should as soon trust the United States Bank, as the Government itself! Its stock is one hundred and fifteen now, and those who have

money to place at interest are seeking eagerly to obtain it.'

'Well, I am willing to be governed by you in the matter. If you see best, you may make arrangements to throw all my real estate into the market, and with the proceeds, purchase for me shares in this excellent institution.'

Acting as he supposed, for the true interests of the widow, now considerably advanced in years, Mr. Stevens sold off, as rapidly as possible, and at good prices, the whole of a fair estate that had been left to her on the death of her husband. The proceeds amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars, and were all immediately invested in the stock of the bank just mentioned.

Not long after this event, occurred that unsuccessful effort of resumption by all the Philadelphia banks; which was sustained for only a few weeks, during which period, millions of dollars in gold and silver were drawn out and transmitted to New York. Then came the shock of another suspension, the cause of which was mainly charged upon the United States Bank. Suspicions of her solvency began to circulate through the country, uttered in low, ominous whispers. Then her stock began slowly to decline. Day after day it fell, and continued to fall steadily until it reached its par value. How many a poor widow's heart trembled as her little all melted thus slowly away, like ice in the warm sunshine. A thrill of alarm passed through the whole country, as the stock, after lingering briefly at one hundred, fell to ninety-eight—then to ninety-seven, ninety-six, and so on downwards.

Still there was hope that it would go up again, and few were willing to sell, and meet the heavy loss that would be the consequence.

'Had I not better let it go at ninety?' Mrs. Clement said, in a concerned tone to her friend Mr. Stevens, when the stock had fallen to that amount. 'I shall still have enough left for all my wants.'

'Oh no, not on any account, Mrs. Clement. The stock must certainly rise

again. I have a large amount invested in it, and I would not sell my shares at even the par value. These are times of doubt, and fear, and strong trial. But we shall pass through them. So don't be alarmed, Mrs. Clement, all will come right again.'

'I hope so, Mr. Stevens.'

'I know so,' was the positive reply.

'Well—I still confide in your judgment Mr. Stevens. I have never yet had cause to question it.'

'You may rest with perfect safety.'

Still the stock continued to fall, slowly but surely, from day to day; and there was little hope of any more dividends for a long time to come. In spite of all Mr. Stevens' efforts to assure Mrs. Clement, she still felt greatly troubled—nor could he, after a time, conceal the deep concern he himself began to experience.

'I did it all for the best,' he said to her one day, when his own fears had become so strong that they could not be disguised.

'I am sure of that, Mr. Stevens; and I do not blame you. But do you not think that I had better sell now?'

'At fifty dollars a share, when you paid one hundred and sixteen? Oh, no, Mrs. Clement. That will never do! It would be throwing away more than fifty thousand dollars in a single moment. The stock certainly must go up.'

'I would rather sell, Mr. Stevens.'

'Wait a little longer. I cannot bear that you should submit to such a terrible loss.'

Thus persuaded, Mrs. Clement consented to delay, day after day, and week after week, until with the hundreds who had been vainly hoping to see a rise in the stock, she was startled by the announcement that the bank had closed its doors.

This event swept from Mrs. Clement her entire property. The shock was such, as, for a time, almost to paralyze her energies of mind. From a condition of liberal affluence, she was suddenly reduced almost to a state of dependence. For a time she held on to her stock, in the vain hope that it would rise, and, finally, sold for six thousand what had cost one hundred thou-



and dollars. But, unfortunately, as it seemed, even this sum could not be retained by her, as there were some claims due by her, which had not been closed at the time her investment in stocks had been made, and which she had expected to liquidate, mainly by the dividends that were expected to accrue. When these were paid off, she had scarcely five hundred dollars left.

Having known, all her life, no condition but one of affluence, to be left at the age of fifty, almost alone in the world, and in poverty, was a trial of no light character. But Mrs. Clement was a woman of a decided cast of mind, and had been, at one time in her life, eminently useful in her sphere. But, as years passed on, the enervating habits of a life with few strong external impulses, gradually enfeebled the activities that had once been exercised for good to others, and she sunk into a condition of ease and indolence.

'I am too old now,' she would sometimes say, 'to engage in these schemes of active benevolence. I must give place to younger persons. At my age, repose is necessary.'

Still she was not happy in her inactivity, nor did she feel altogether satisfied in thus voluntarily ceasing to be engaged in positive uses to others. She felt that she was living in vain.

But the shock that her whole moral nature sustained in the loss of her property, aroused the slumbering energies of a mind yet unenfeebled.

'What shall I do?' was a question often asked, and the answer long pondered.

About three weeks after she had closed up her business, and settled down in the certainty that she was worth only about five hundred dollars, instead of one hundred thousand, her friend Mrs. Van Wych called in to see her.

'How do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Clement?' she asked, in a kind and sympathizing tone.

'Really, Mrs. Van Wych, I can hardly tell how I am: my mind seems like a sea that has recently been vexed by a great

storm—the ground swell is still heavy, and comes, at times, with powerful shocks. But, I am trying to bear up like a woman and a christian. Our sex, it is said, though weak, and fragile in the sunshine, can brave the tempest with even more than man's firmness. It may be. But not in our own strength can we do it. We must look up to the Strong for strength. Up then, to Him, who bore our sorrows, and is acquainted with our grief, and I am endeavoring to look with patient confidence.'

'And you will not, I am sure, look in vain, Mrs. Clement.'

'I humbly hope not. The question with me now is—what shall I do? I must do something, of course, or I cannot live—for I am resolved not to be an idle, moping dependent on any one. I feel younger, by many years, than I did a twelvemonth ago, and fully able to perform my part in life. What an utter blank my life has been, Mrs. Van Wych, for the last few years! I have added nothing to the common stock of good. To others I left the business of performing uses, content to fold my hands in unproductive ease. But I can do so no longer. Whether I am willing or not, I must enter the arena of life as an active participator. I wish to receive, and, in turn, I must give to others.'

'I am glad, my friend,' Mrs. Van Wych replied, 'that you can look thus calmly through this distressing event, and extract sweets from bitterness. It is a wise Providence that rules the events of life, and happy will we be, if we can see and acknowledge the Divine hand in what is adverse, as well as in what is prosperous.'

'Thus have I felt,' Mrs. Clement said, 'But the trial is hard indeed, for one of habits like mine, to acknowledge with submission the hand that sweeps away all earthly dependence.'

'Truly it must be! But only in that feeling can there be any happiness.'

'Of that I am fully convinced. And my daily, indeed, almost my hourly effort is, to subdue a murmuring and repining spirit.'

A pause ensued, when the visitor said,

'Have you yet, Mrs. Clement, been able to decide upon what you will do?'

'Indeed, I have not, I have about five hundred dollars left, and with this I might open a little dry goods and trimming store, and readily support myself. But, somehow or other, I have a most unconquerable reluctance to doing so. Not that I would feel above it—for I believe that I have fully subdued that low feeling—but the place does not seem the one suited for me. I might take a few boarders, but I have an aversion for doing that, and it would, besides, involve a high rent and many heavy expenses, and might result in my falling into debt—a condition that I think of with feelings allied to horror. I wish you would suggest something, for something I must do—the former, should nothing better present itself.'

'I can think of but one thing, Mrs. Clement, but I am afraid that you are almost too old for that.'

'Name it.'

'How would you like to open a select school for young children? I have two, whom I should be rejoiced to see under your judicious care,—and I will engage to get you just as many more as you want, and at a good price for tuition. How does that strike you?'

'Strange that I should not have thought of it myself!' Mrs. Clement said in a low musing tone, falling into a state of mental abstraction, from which, she at length aroused with a deep inspiration.

'You have suggested the very thing for me, Mrs. Van Wych,' she said. 'It will not be irksome nor laborious. I love children, and seem to have an intuition of what will please, at the same time that it will instruct them. It may seem strange to you, but I feel a delight, already, enkindling in my heart at the thought of being surrounded with children. Most earnestly do I thank you for the suggestion.'

In the course of a week, arrangements were made for receiving a number of children, and Mrs. Clement's school was opened, with about twelve little boys and girls, each of whom had often met her before

and loved her for her uniform kind attentions to them. Her natural love of children, went out in an affectionate interest towards her young scholars, and was felt by them, and while there was in her mind the delight of imparting instruction, there was in their minds a reciprocal delight in receiving. She did not seem to them a school *Mistress*, requiring an arbitrary obedience, but a kind mother, who loved them, and in obeying whom they found an unalloyed pleasure.

'Well, Jane, how do you like your new school-mistress?' asked Mr. Van Wych of his little girl, taking her on his knee one evening on her return from school.

'Mrs. Clement aint no school-mistress, father'—the little girl replied, in a half-offended tone.

'Then what is she, my dear?'

'I dont know what to call her, father. But she aint like the school-mistresses that we have been to. She is never cross, but always speaks so soft and good to us. Oh, I would not do any thing that was wrong for the world.'

'Why would you not, my child?' asked the father.

'Because it would make Mrs. Clement feel so bad. When any of the children do wrong, she does not get angry and scold, but seems so sorry, and tells them about their Father in Heaven who sees all that they do, and who cannot love any thing in them that is disobedient.'

The heart of the father was moved.

'Does she always tell the children about their Father in Heaven, when they do wrong?' he asked.

'Not always.'

'What does she say to them, then?'

'Sometimes she does not say any thing to them, but only looks them right in the face, as if she felt very sorry.'

'And then they cease to do wrong?'

'Oh yes. There are no little boys and girls in the school who would act bad, for a long time, after she has looked at them for doing wrong.'

'You all love her very much, do you not?'

'Yes, father, all of us. And we are so glad that she lets us come to her. We like to go to school now. Sarah Armon, our minister's little girl, you know, says that Mrs. Clement's school is like a little heaven.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes.'

'And why does she say so?'

'Because we all love one another, and Mrs. Clement loves us all. And then; when we come in the morning, before school opens, she takes the Bible and reads some of the beautiful verses in it to us.'

'She does?'

'Oh yes. About little children and Heaven, and being good. And then we all get down on our knees, and she says—'Our Father—' and we all say it over after her.'

In spite of his manly effort to check the instant emotion that arose in his heart, tears started to the eye of Mr. Van Wych, but he wiped them away, as he said—

'And does she always do that?'

'She always does now. But the first few days she did not do it. We were not so good then, nor did we love her so much, nor did she seem so kind and affectionate to us.'

'Sarah Armon was right, my child. Your school is like a little Heaven, and Mrs. Clement is your good angel, for she loves you, and tries to do you good. I am glad to hear you say that you love her.'

'Oh, I do love her, father, and we all love her very much,' was the child's earnest response.

'How do you like your new employment, Mrs. Clement?' asked her friend, Mrs. Van Wych, a few evenings after the above conversation had occurred between her husband and child.

The moisture dimmed the eyes of the old lady, as she replied in an earnest tone.

'I can hardly tell why it is, Mrs. Van Wych, but I never felt so much delight in the performance of any thing in my life as I do in teaching these children. For the first day or two, it did seem a little irksome, but, that passed away, as I lifted up

my thoughts, and asked from above, a blessing on my efforts to teach children. Since then, I cannot express the delight I experience, whenever I am in the effort to impart some good or true things to the little ones who have been committed to my charge.'

'But do not the evils of their natures sometimes become manifest, especially in the form of disobedience to you, or unkindness to each other?'

'Yes, sometimes, of course. But to meet these, I first look into my own heart to see that I am not angry, and put away all that is not of love to them, and then my words and manner seem instantly to subdue them, even while I speak in the mildest possible tone.'

'You seem really, happier, Mrs. Clement, than you did, before your great change in external circumstances,' Mrs. Van Wych said, after a pause, in which she was endeavoring to keep down the rising emotions of her heart.

'Far happier, my dear friend. It is said that the happiness of the angels in heaven, consists in the delight of doing good; and I can believe it; for something of a corresponding delight is mine while engaged in trying to do good to the children under my care—a delight so far above any merely selfish delight, that it is, in comparison with the other, inexpressible. That which I thought the greatest evil that could have befallen me, I believe is going to prove my greatest blessing. How wise are the dispensations of a good Providence!'

Six months have passed, since Mrs. Clement parted with the almost worthless representatives of a handsome fortune. She is still engaged in keeping a small school for children, to whom, her ministrations are indeed a blessing. A few days since, in conversing with a friend, she said,

'I cannot but see and acknowledge the hand of a Divine Providence, ever active for the good of his creatures, in the recent events of my life. My friend, Mr Stevens, who acted for me with a sincere desire for my good—of this I have never had a doubt—induced me to sell all my property and



invest it in United States Bank Stock, but a very short time before the Institution began to lose its hold on the public confidence. I might have sold when the first shock came, and had a handsome property left; or I could have sold, and wished to sell, at various points of the stock's depression, but it was overruled, until the proceeds of the sale, when it was made, were barely enough to pay off a few unsettled claims against me. Had it not been that I was, in consequence, driven into active usefulness, I should have wasted the rest of my days in indolence and ease. Nor should I have been in any degree so cheerful and happy as I now am. Thus, I am really elevated in my internal and true condition, and am actively engaged in doing good. I have thought much on the subject of Providence, of late. How remarkable it is, that all the various uses in society are made to go on by a kind of necessity acting upon the selfishness of individuals. All employments that result in benefits to the whole, are prosecuted, not for the good of the whole, but from a desire to benefit self. And thousands are kept poor, as the only condition in which they would be active. But how happy a social condition it would be, were all engaged in the performance of general uses, from a feeling of regard and love to the whole!

Under such a condition of things, individual benefit would be the certain result; for even now, he that renders the greatest good to the whole, generally receives the largest return. As for myself, I believe that my peculiar use lies in teaching the young: I have been driven into it. Had I remained rich, I could not have been induced to enter into such an employment. But now that I have been forced into it, I find a delight in its performance that I did not imagine I could feel in any act of use to others. And of how much more importance that some twenty, or perhaps more than a hundred children should receive judicious early instruction—should have good seed sown in their minds—than that a single individual should be protected in

the possession of wealth, which only prevented her from filling her true place of usefulness in society!

Who will say that Mrs. Clement did not reason fairly?

Original.

THE DEW-DROP.

BY MISS L. S. HALL.

I hied me to the lowly vale,  
To catch the health inspiring gale.  
To view the wild-flower in its bloom,  
To breathe the violet's sweet perfume,  
To pluck the primrose from its bed,  
To raise the lily's drooping head,  
To seat me in some grassy nook,  
And read a page from nature's book.  
The birds poured forth their grateful lays,  
In concert to their Maker's praise;  
The silver rill went laughing by  
As if rejoicing in their joy;  
And every leaf on every tree,  
Responded to the harmony—  
The very grass beneath my feet,  
Seem'd with true melody replete—  
The mountain reared its summit high,  
And held communion with the sky—  
The mist in fleecy drapery hung,  
And far around its shadows flung;  
King Sol peep'd through the vail and smil'd,  
As smiles a parent on his child;  
One slanting ray fell on a gem  
That graced the lily's diadem;  
And gave a more than diamond's lue,  
To that lone, crystal drop of dew—  
That stainless tear that fell last night  
Was radiant now with morning light,  
From heaven the pearly drop came down,  
And joy'd to be the lilly's crown;  
I gazed upon the emblem fair.  
For innocence was imaged there.

My hand the prize would fain have taken,  
And placed with pride in my boquet,  
But, ere its slender stem was shaken,  
I turn'd me from the thought away—  
It seem'd like sacrilege to mar  
The beauty of the valley's star.

Methought 't were cruel mockery  
To take so meek a thing away;  
Methought 't were very treachery  
To give the lily to decay:  
To steal the crown which grac'd its bloom,  
And give it an unhonored tomb.

My hand withdrew, and gratefully  
 I watch'd the beauteous thing, and long ;  
 I bent my ear attentively,  
 And caught the music of its song,  
 And treasured up with deep intent,  
 The dew-drop's every sentiment.

Methought it said, in accents mild,  
 'Come listen to me, erring child ;  
 And many a simple tale I'll tell  
 Thy thoughtful heart should ponder well.  
 My home has been in many a place,  
 I've looked on many a mortal's face,  
 And much I'll speak with silent voice  
 To make thee sorrow and rejoice.'  
 I took the hint, and closer drew,  
 And thus began the drop of dew.

'But one little moment is left me to stay,  
 For yonder bright sun will soon call me away.  
 His chariot is waiting to take me on high,  
 To join my companions at home in the sky.  
 On my sofa of down, I shall quietly rest  
 And sail, in my soft, snowy drapery drest,  
 Through regions of limitless space and of light,  
 But the lily's pure cheek is my pillow at night.  
 Come hither to-morrow at earliest dawn,  
 While dew-drops like crystals begem the gay  
 lawn—

While earth is reposing in quiet, come here,  
 I've words of my own for thy glad trustful ear ;  
 The day is advancing, and bustle and strife,  
 Confusion and care are the business of life—  
 I leave thee with mortals its moments to spend,  
 Forget not to be to all creatures a friend—  
 From the tall forest-oak to the least grain of  
 sand ;  
 Forget not that each is the work of His hand—  
 Forget not who made thee a sister of all,—  
 Withhold not thy aid, when the lowest may  
 call.

Forget not thy office, to keep thy own heart—  
 Forget not thy duty to Him whose thou art,  
 Thy God for thy portion—Thou hast not a foe,  
 Farewell till to-morrow—I go, I must go."

A rustling sound among the trees,  
 Proclaim'd the coming of the breeze ;  
 The lightwinged gallant kissed the flower,  
 And snatched the pride of nature's bower ;  
 And bore his prize of beauty rare  
 In triumph through the fragrant air.  
 The lily scarcely said adieu  
 To her departing pearl of dew,  
 So quickly from her grasp it flew.  
 The valley sighed to be bereft,  
 For scarce another gem was left,

I almost thought it cruel theft.  
 But then, I call'd her words to mind,  
 And knew the dew-drop must be kind ;  
 Though selfishness had made me blind.  
 The lingering accents said "Make haste,  
 Thou hast no precious time to waste."  
 My nature whispered first—'Be sad,'  
 But conscience answered, 'Nay, be glad'  
 Rejoice with all things in THAT hand  
 By which the universe was planned.  
 Learn of the dew-drop and be wise,  
 Improve each moment as it flies—  
 Redeem the time ; let early dawn  
 Conduct thee to the dewy lawn ;  
 We gaze on nature's works in vain ;  
 Her teachings all are pure and plain—  
 So gather from each shrub, a gem  
 "T' adorn the spirit's diadem.'

I turned me gratefully away,  
 And waited for another day.  
*Lowell, May, 1842.*

Original.

#### SEMIRAMIS.

BY D. WISE.

So frequently is the name of this celebrated personage referred to in history, poetry and general literature, that it is unpardonable in any lady to be ignorant of the leading facts in her character and life. To supply those facts is the object of this brief sketch.

That such a person ever existed is a question around which even credulity might throw some doubts ; still it seems scarcely creditable that her name and exploits should be so frequently mentioned by historians without the existence of some person of whom these wonderful accounts are predicated. The probabilities are in favor of her real existence.

Ascalon in Syria, claims the honor of being her birth place. The period of her birth is a matter of more doubt. It is probable, however, that she was contemporary with Gideon the well-known judge and leader of the Israelites, about 1000 years after the flood. Some historians, however, give her a far higher antiquity, mak-

ing her contemporary with Abraham 600 years earlier.

She first appears on the stage of public life as the young wife of Menones, a general of Ninus, king of Assyria. She attended her husband to the siege of Bactria; and after many fruitless efforts, it was at her suggestion the city was taken. She discovered a weak and undefended part of the fortification, and directed the soldiers thither by a secret path at night. By this path the walls were scaled and the city subdued.

After this event, Ninus, the king attracted by her charms and skill, determined to obtain her for his wife. He offered his daughter, the princess Sosana, in exchange, to Menones; threatening him, if he refused, to have his eyes put out. The faithless Semiramis favoring his suit, the unhappy Memones hung himself in a fit of despair; and his wife became Queen to Ninus, monarch of Assyria.

There is a somewhat doubtful account of the mode by which she obtained the sole sovereignty of his vast empire. It is said that Ninus, blinded by his foolish attachment, granted her the absolute power for a single day. Placing her on his throne, and giving her the royal signet, he did her homage, and commanded his officers to follow his example; declaring that for that day her decrees should be unalterable. The cunning and unprincipled Queen immediately ordered her doating husband to be imprisoned and then strangled: her next step was to declare herself his successor; and thus at the age of twenty she became exclusive mistress of of the proud Empire of Assyria.

No sooner was she firmly seated on the throne, than she devoted herself to the prosecution of magnificent enterprises.—The accounts of her surprising monumental and architectural productions are scarcely to be credited; and indeed they would not be, but for the gigantic remains that encumber her plains of the ancient dominion.

Her most unfortunate enterprise was an expedition into India. Determined, if

possible, to immortalize her name as a conqueror, she gathered an army of three million foot soldiers and five hundred thousand cavalry. To cope with the elephants of the Indians, she disguised and caparisoned a vast number of camels like elephants, and then took the field. At first, victory floated round her banners, but when she had penetrated far into the interior of the country, the Indian monarch assailed her with great vigor; crushed her mock elephants, and cut her troops to pieces. She escaped with difficulty, and returned home with less than a third of her vast army.

Doubt rests on the manner of her death. Whether she abdicated her throne and died peaceably, or whether she was put to death by her son, are questions about which history is undecided. When she was dead, however, the Assyrians deified her, and offered her sacrifices under the form of a pigeon.

Such was the public character of this celebrated Queen. Her private life was stained with vices of the blackest hue; and on the question of desert, the poorest cottage girl in her mountain home, is more meritorious and deserving of a place on the roll of fame than Semiramis.

*From the New York Observer.*

#### A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

In an upper room of an humble dwelling, in the city of New York, I found, a few days ago, a dying girl. She was about eighteen years of age, and far from home. In early life, she had left her mother's cot, in the 'Emerald Isle,' and, with a band of emigrants, had sought America, trusting to the labor of her hands for her daily bread. In one of our thousand mills she had found employment, but had laid up nothing against an evil day; and when sickness overtook her, and consumption stretched her on a dying bed, she was dependent utterly on the *charity* of others—relatives she had none this side of the great water.



It is needless to say how I was led to her chamber. Upon sitting down and speaking of the only refuge of the soul in the hour of dissolving nature, and of the happiness of those who trust in Jesus, I asked her if she was willing to die. 'Yes,' said she, 'but—but—I should like to see my mother;' and, as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and she drew the covering over her head and wept.

It was a tribute of filial love. Those who were present felt it, and we sat in silence till the swollen tide subsided.

I have mentioned this fact, not to repeat the conversation that ensued, but simply for the sake of this expression of a daughter's love for her mother in the hour of death. Years and years had passed away since she had seen that mother; and oceans had rolled between them; and hard labor, and poverty, and sickness had been her lot. She had been an exile from home, in a strange land; but through all the changes of her hard journeyings, the memory of a mother clung to her, and melted her heart while death-chills were on it.

There is something to be learned from this little incident. It is the mother's power. If the ties are so strong, how deep the obligation to make those ties fast to the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ! In very infancy, in the tenderest years of childhood, the mother, as she winds her own heart-strings around her children, should bind those children, with cords stronger than earthly ties, to the cross of Jesus. Many a proud man has felt 'the pressure of his mother's hand' restraining him from sin, long after that mother had been in her grave. Many are the youth whose first awakening to a sense of sin has been the revival of the memory of a mother's prayers and tears. Who can tell how many daughters, now outcasts on the world, lost to honor and hope, might have been ornaments to earth and stars in heaven, had maternal influence impressed their infant minds with the truths of God's word? Will mothers think of this?

The young woman whose touching re-

mark suggested these lines, had never forgotten the impressions of childhood.— Though a stranger in a strange land, with no parent to counsel or restrain her, she had been kept from the paths of vice, and had early hoped in a Savior. She assured me that in the midst of her protracted illness, she had found that Savior precious, and trusted only in him for salvation.

This was my first visit. She asked me to come again. They told me, as I came away, that she would probably live a month or two; but three days afterward I called, and she was buried! They said she lived a few hours only after she told me she should like to see her mother. I hope she will.

Poor girl!—poor as the world goes, for charity gave her a burial. Blessed girl! if now with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

IRENEUS.

### Book Notices.

APOLLOS: or Directions to persons first commencing a religious life.

This is the title of a neat little pamphlet just from the press. It is replete with good advice to young christians, though we could wish, in such a work, to see more about *faith*, than is said in this tract. Also, we think the pious author erred in the following passage on page 4.

'Do not expect that the evidence desired will come immediately and at once. It must come *progressively*, as the result of continued effort in obedience to the will of God.' We think there is scarcely enough of *present* salvation in this passage, to make it fully comport with the spirit and the letter of the gospel. Still, as a whole, we commend it to our readers as a useful little pamphlet.—For sale by N. L. Dayton, 87 Merrimack street.

HISTORY OF LONDON.—This is a book for children, written in conversational style. It contains numerous interesting facts respecting the rise and progress of Ancient London. It corrects several popular errors in respect to individuals said to have lived there: as for example, the popular story of Richard Wittington, is stripped of its fictitious drapery and its real foundation exhibited. We hope it will prove a useful book.

Published and for sale, wholesale and retail by Rice & Wise.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

WORDS BY O. W. WITHINGTON, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S PEARL, BY B. F. BAKER.

♩ ANDANTE CANTABILE.

TENOR.

ALTO.

TREBLE.

BASS.

In the morn - - ing of life, when its

vis - - - ions are gay, And hope, like a bird, hovers

o'er its glad way, - - - O God, may we

kneel at thine al - - - tar a - lone, Our hearts be re -

newed, and be whol - - ly thine own; Our hearts be re -

newed, and be whol - - ly thine own. With -



----- out thee, the pleasures of earth are but vain; They

wake in the spi - rit no soul - moving strain; But thy

peace, O our Lord, like thy bow in the sky, Is

brightest and nearest when danger is nigh; - - - - - Is

brightest and nearest when dan - - - ger is nigh.

## 2.

In the evening of life, when its pleasures once bright,  
 Like mountain mists vanish, and melt from our sight,—  
 O Lord! from its clouds unto Thee may we fly,  
 And find Thee a God ever present and nigh.—  
 With Thee there is joy, which no terror nor gloom  
 Of earth can o'ercast. Thou hast conquered the tomb.  
 And our Lord, from his throne in the heavens above,  
 Sheds his mercy o'er all,—and in all breathes his love!

